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THE NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

THE Resolutions moved by Mr. RYLANDS and the debate to which they are leading serve as a substitute for the ordinary discussion of the Budget. The critics of the Budget object not so much to its details as to the whole policy on which it is founded. They therefore prefer that the wide preliminary issue should be separately raised. When an objection to the general character of a policy is honestly entertained, and can be supported on plausible grounds, it is in every way convenient that it should be distinctly raised. The proceeding saves time, and presents in an intelligible shape to the country the real gist of the controversy. There is no foundation for the insinuation that to discuss the principles on which the Budget is founded, rather than the details of the Budget, is an idle waste of the time of Parliament or an indication that the House wishes to escape its proper business. If it can be said to have one business which more than another is its own, it is to see that the right quantity of the right taxes is imposed on the people. If the Opposition thinks that the taxes which the Government proposes are not the right ones to impose, the discussion takes place on the Budget. If it objects not to the taxes in themselves, but to the amount asked for, and thinks that the excess is due to a financial policy generally wrong, it does best to discuss such a question apart from the Budget. At the present moment any discussion of the kind must inevitably be made with some reference to the approaching general election. There is nothing unfair in this, nor is it at all to the disadvantage of the Government that before a general election its financial policy should be discussed in a broad and general way. No one can deny that the present Government has spent more money than its predecessor, and that it has spent this excess in a period of national distress. There are persons, and perhaps not a few persons, who will take these undoubted facts as sufficient, and will decline to look further. They will say that when it was easy for the country to pay, Liberal financiers took little from it, and that when it was hard for the country to pay, Conservative financiers took much from it, and they will conclude that Liberal financiers are the financiers for them. With this kind of unreasoning discontent the Government will have to count at the next election, and nothing they can say or do will remove it. But more reasonable people will listen to the statement of the Government that it could not help asking for more taxes, although times were bad, and that it did its best to put just the necessary burden on the taxpayers and no more. Thus the first issue raised is whether the increase of expenditure was unavoidable; but there is also another issue raised, and that is, whether the amount of the increase has or has not been unfairly disguised. If the Opposition thinks it can prove to impartial minds that its view is the right view on these two issues, it would fail in one of the primary duties of an Opposition if it declined to bring forward its proofs. On the other hand, the Government gains greatly by such issues being thoroughly and seriously discussed in Parliament, and by the statements and arguments they involve not being left to the vague declamations of the hustings.

There is, however, one inconvenience in such questions being discussed when a general election is not far off, and this is an inconvenience which made itself painfully felt on

Thursday evening. As members are addressing their constituents rather than the House, they wish to speak in order that they may get the ear of their constituents at the earliest possible moment, and not because they have anything to say. With very few exceptions, the speeches of Thursday evening were speeches on finance made by persons who know nothing about finance. To the ordinary reader the report of the night's proceedings seems like so many columns of dead talk. Mr. LAING, indeed, who could not speak on finance without having something to say, drew the attention of the House to the very important influence on English finance which the disordered finances of India may not improbably exercise before long; and Mr. HUBBARD, who has as good an actuary's opinion on terminable annuities as any one, made the remarks with which he has rendered us familiar. But for real discussion of the main issues we look in vain, except in the speeches of the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY and of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. On Monday Mr. GOSCHEN is to open the resumed debate, and it is understood that Mr. GLADSTONE will speak. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will sooner or later have his say, and then we shall have great financial questions treated by persons who thoroughly understand them. Meanwhile we may notice the chief points established, or sought to be established, by Mr. SMITH and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. The main facts, as to which there is no dispute, are that the present Government has added, in round numbers, six millions and a half to the annual expenditure and five millions to the floating debt. The first thing is to ascertain under what heads the increase of expenditure comes. Two millions of it are stated to be applied in reduction of the permanent debt. Two millions are applied in relief of the local taxpayer, so that the burden is only shifted, the country paying neither more nor less, but the contributors not being altogether the same. One million and a half more have been spent on education. Thus five and a half out of the six and a half millions are accounted for. The remainder is an addition to the expenditure on the army and navy. But then, when we speak of an increase in military expenditure, there is a distinction on which Mr. SMITH properly insisted between inevitable and optional increase. Let us suppose that the new guns and ships had remained exactly the same in number as when Mr. GLADSTONE went out of office. The cost must inevitably be greater now than then. There has been a great increase in pay; there has been a great increase in pensions; and there has been a great increase in the cost of the military appliances which the inventiveness applied to modern warfare renders indispensable. Any Government, for example, must have spent on torpedoes more after they were invented than before. If all these deductions are made, there is at the very most half a million of extra military expenditure which was optional, and which the Government chose to make. It defends this, not on the ground of Eastern difficulties or Indian or African wars, but on the much broader ground of the vastly increased armaments of the five other Great Powers. Thus, if it is admitted that it is wise to reduce the permanent debt, to shift the burden of local expenditure, and to increase the Education Grant, and if it is also admitted that the bulk of the increase of military expenditure was not optional, the controversy is narrowed down to one simple issue. While the military expenditure of the other Great Powers had increased between 1874 and 1878 by a

total amount of ten millions, was it unavoidable that England should increase its military expenditure by half a million, if it wished to retain its due relative position?

The issue is not quite so simple as it seems, because some portion at least of the increased military expenditure of the other Great Powers was no more optional than our increased expenditure has been. They, too, have had to meet the necessity for increased pay and new military appliances. The figures also include a part at least of the cost of putting the Russian army on a war footing, and of the cost of repairing the losses of a destructive war in France. Perhaps, too, the sums ought to be deducted which any nation spends to increase, not its general strength, but its strength as against one nation only, as when Germany spends money on Metz, or Italy on the forts commanding the Alpine passes. The question is not one very easy to argue; but, at any rate, it is easy to see the great difference between saying that the Government has unnecessarily added six and a half millions to the expenditure, and that it has added half a million, as to which it may be debated how far the preparations of other Great Powers made it necessary. Then there is the new floating debt of five millions. This is avowedly due to the wars or preparations for war of the Government. Whether the expenditure of these five millions was necessary depends, of course, on whether the foreign and colonial policy of the Government was right or not. We cannot be for ever discussing this. The controversy is not a financial one. But it becomes a financial one when it is said that the right mode of getting the money was not by increasing the floating debt, and providing for its repayment in three or four years, but by getting the ready money through increased taxation or decreased expenditure. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK replied forcibly to Mr. SMITH's argument that the Government was only doing what its predecessors had done by paying for barracks or fortresses by terminable annuities. When the terminable annuities are paid off, the nation will still have its barracks, and perhaps when the new part of the floating debt is paid off, all that it purchased will be gone for ever. It is on quite different principles that the burden of an extraordinary expenditure may be spread over a very few years beyond the particular year in which it is made. This must be justified, if it is to be justified, on the ground that it is fair to the taxpayer to let him meet a given sum by easy instalments. But even this is not the real issue raised by the Government. It says that the permanent and the floating debt must be taken together. It is increasing the floating debt temporarily, but all the time it is decreasing the permanent debt. It might have stopped the reduction of the permanent debt, and it would not have needed to increase the floating debt. Why did it not do this? There was, of course, the political reason that the way to get the permanent debt reduced is to force on the taxpayer an invincible habit of reducing it. But there was also a financial reason. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER found that, in the then state of the money market, he was investing in Consols at three per cent., and borrowing on Exchequer bills at two per cent. It is replied that he was adding to the chances of disarranging the market. This is a practical financial question, and no men could be more fit to discuss it than Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. GLADSTONE.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

SIR H. LAYARD'S speech to the representatives of a party Association was scarcely consistent with the character of an Ambassador whose first duty is to obey his instructions. In recent times it has not been customary to remove diplomatic agents on changes of Government, and Sir H. LAYARD would undoubtedly serve the successor of the present FOREIGN SECRETARY with the same zeal and ability which have been conspicuously displayed during his residence at Constantinople. The address to which he replied was highly objectionable, inasmuch as it described the Government of a nominally friendly State as a perfidious despotism. Sir H. LAYARD perhaps failed to notice the phrase, or he may have considered himself responsible only for his own language. His best excuse for a proceeding which would have been better avoided is to be derived from the factious violence which has extended to the agents of the Government as well as to the responsible Ministers. The AMBASSADOR properly admitted the charge

that he was a friend of the Turks, though he guarded himself from the assumption that he approved or admired the official class in Turkey. He has thought it part of his duty to protect and defend as far as circumstances allowed the loyal and valiant population which has suffered so deeply from national and religious animosity. It is mainly owing to his untiring vigour that the Government of the SULTAN has been disposed to listen to English counsels when Russian agents were not the only foreigners who strove to precipitate the fall of the Empire. It is satisfactory to learn that the notorious atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria were greatly exaggerated, and Sir H. LAYARD confirms Lord BEACONSFIELD's conjectural statement that the Russian war, with all its disastrous consequences, might have been prevented. Nevertheless it is better to adhere strictly to official rules; and an Ambassador, even in cases where he directs the policy of his Government, ought to efface himself as an independent politician.

A more general reason against the revival or prolongation of the Eastern controversy is that it now offers some prospect of a final settlement. Although different parties have incurred widely varying degrees of blame, no body of statesmen at home or abroad, with the exception perhaps of the more turbulent Russian faction, have reason to regard the history of the last three years with complacency or satisfaction. The English Government has, in a policy of resistance which was not to be ultimately supported by force, been compelled to make many unpalatable concessions. The Opposition, on the other hand, has been engaged in thwarting every effort to maintain the ancient policy of England. The only good result which has been attained is the negative advantage of not having been forced into war. It is now highly desirable to put an end to controversies which have involved at all times ill feeling and not unfrequently danger. The difficulties and disappointments which have resulted from the actual policy of the English Government are sufficiently obvious; but it is impossible to conjecture what might have been the consequences of total inaction or of co-operation with Russia. If Constantinople had been occupied by the Russian army, war would almost certainly have ensued. During a later period it would have been impossible to approach the termination of Eastern difficulties if the Government had not resolutely maintained the stipulations of Berlin. Russian journalists have even within a week or two been allowed to denounce as a grotesque farce the solemn engagements which the EMPEROR deliberately formed less than a year ago; but the steadiness of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY in declining to consider projects inconsistent with the Treaty seems likely at last to be crowned with success. Sir H. LAYARD has fully justified the policy of securing to Turkey the frontier line of the Balkans. It is a sufficient answer to the discreditable arguments of Liberal orators against the maintenance of the arrangement, that the interests of the Greek nation can only be protected by imposing limits on the extension of Bulgaria. The difficulties which impede the immediate execution of the Treaty have in great part been intentionally created by the Russian functionaries who have temporarily administered the province of East Roumelia; but, whatever may have been the origin of the prevailing agitation, it was necessary to guard against collisions between the Bulgarian inhabitants of the district and the Turkish troops.

The scheme of a mixed occupation has happily been abandoned. The refusal of the virtually neutral Powers to provide contingents for the occupying army would have deprived the measure of its European character. The presence of Russian troops would have encouraged disaffection, while the policy of the Austrian Government would have been doubtful. An English detachment, unavoidably weak in numbers, would perhaps have been exposed to affronts; and if the active services of the army of occupation had been required, its position would have caused much anxiety. There was no reason why English soldiers should be employed in maintaining order in a foreign and distant country, and it is possible that Parliament might have refused its assent to the scheme. The natural objection of the Porte to the presence of alien troops in its dominions fortunately induced it to make a proposal which has been accepted both by England and by Russia. Turkish troops are not to be employed in the interior of the province, except on the demand of the International Commission, of which the powers are

continued for a year. During the same interval the occupation of the line of the Balkans is postponed; and the Russian Government itself suggests that, as a measure of precaution, a Turkish force may be concentrated in the neighbourhood of the southern frontier of East Roumelia. The Bulgarian inhabitants of the provinces are perhaps by this time beginning to learn that they will not be allowed to disturb the policy which was settled at Berlin. The Assembly at Tirnova has ceased for the present to discuss schemes for extending the frontiers of Bulgaria; and the deputies from East Roumelia have been refused admission to the deliberations. If the Turks are satisfied that for a year they can safely dispense with the position of the Balkan, it seems unnecessary to question their discretion. It is satisfactory to know that on any terms the Russian troops are retiring to their own country, and probably their Government has for the present no purpose of renewed aggression.

The Greek question also will probably receive an early solution. The debate in the House of Commons showed that among parties in England there is little difference of opinion except as to the means of attaining a desirable end. The Government naturally wishes to spare the susceptibilities of the Porte, while France is anxious to be regarded as the most zealous patron of the Greeks. The report that the SULTAN and his Ministers have intimated their readiness to submit to European arbitration may probably be premature; but the considerable concessions which have already been made are not to be regarded as final. The local opposition of the Albanian population in Epirus ought, in conformity with fashionable doctrines, to be respected because it is founded on ethnological antipathies; but petty communities appeal in vain to logical consistency. There is, in fact, as experience shows, no permanent national repugnance between Greeks and Albanians; and Janina has long borne the character of an essentially Greek town. When the pending dispute is settled, the Greeks and Turks may perhaps begin to recognize the interests which they have in common. It is true that in Crete, and perhaps in the continental provinces, there are still materials for possible quarrels; but for some time to come, if the late troubles have been in any way ended, the Great Powers will not be disposed to encourage or tolerate fresh wars of aggrandizement. The history of the last three or four years has fully illustrated the soundness of the English tradition of maintaining the Turkish Empire. The Turks had many faults, but they were there; and their ordinarily careless and tolerant rule was, in spite of occasional violence, not found incompatible with the prosperity of the subject population. The Bosnian rebellion, the Servian war, and, finally, the Russian invasion may perhaps ultimately have produced some good, at the cost of incalculable suffering and of grievous wrong. One of the incidental results will have been the territorial extension of Greece. Englishmen have no reason for grudging the advantages and opportunities which accrue to the most enlightened and most capable of Eastern races. The high qualities of the Turks were less calculated to promote civilization.

REPRESSION IN RUSSIA.

THE attack on the life of the CZAR has led, not only to new measures of repression of extraordinary severity, but to very startling disclosures as to the character of the evil that is to be repressed. The existence of revolutionary assassins is a familiar feature in the history of every despotism. The aim is always the same—to strike terror by murder; and assassins who set to work to murder Government officials always organize themselves in much the same way, and employ much the same means to attain their ends. What makes the outburst of revolutionary assassination in Russia remarkable is the great extent of the organization, the extreme audacity of its proceedings, and the general success of its attempts. It has a wonderful organ, called "Land and Liberty," in which murders are calmly discussed, threatened, or justified, and which delights in ridiculing the ineffectual efforts of the police to trace the threads of the conspiracy. This paper seems to grow out of the ground. It is found in the most unlikely places. It and kindred sheets are scattered as if by magic through the army, appear bound up in the middle of Conservative journals, and fly like spiritualist hands about clubs and

cafés. A reward of 10,000*l.* induced a traitor to inform the Government where two of the secret printing-presses were to be found. One was in a Government cartridge factory, and the other in a Government shipping office. The discovery led to nothing except the knowledge that some persons connected with the Government must be involved in the plot, as no documents were found. But in a day or two the acceptor of the bribe was found murdered in the room which he occupied in an hotel. How the revolutionists get their intelligence is said to be a mystery to the Government; but it is found that secret instructions, when resolved on by high Government officials, are somehow known to those against whom they are given before they are made known to those to whom they are given. When an act like the attempt to assassinate the CZAR is resolved on, the assassin is, as usual in such cases, chosen by lot, and he knows that he himself will be murdered unless he fulfils his engagement. This is in what may be called the ordinary run of things; but what was not so much of an ordinary kind was the cleverness with which in the CZAR's case the assassin was furnished with the means of ready suicide, and the scientific knowledge with which the poison that was to provide the means of suicide was chosen and concealed. Evidently among the assassins are persons of both sexes, educated, rich, and in a high position. Evidently, too, the plot is spread over a very wide area, and in every corner of the Empire blows of the same kind are struck in the same way. If severity of repression is the proper mode of combating the danger, no one can deny that the Russian authorities have the justification for severity that the danger is a very great one.

The principal measure that has been taken is to terminate summarily all civil liberty. All Russia is in a state of siege. It has been mapped out into eleven military districts, and the most eminent generals at the disposal of the CZAR, including GOURKO and TODLEBEN, have been placed in command of the districts. The life, the liberty, the property of every Russian is at the mercy of the general commanding. He may order any one to be arrested; he may bring any one before a military tribunal; he may apply martial law as he may think fit. He may suppress any newspaper permanently or temporarily as he pleases. The whole of Russia is in the state in which Paris was immediately after the suppression of the Commune. The Government is, so to speak, at war with the nation. After so sweeping an institution of general repression, it might seem as if special decrees would be of insignificant interest. But General GOURKO has begun his military reign at St. Petersburg by an order which is unexampled in its way. He has decreed that at the door of every house in St. Petersburg a porter is to be stationed night and day, whose duty it shall be to watch that no unauthorized placards are posted up, and that no objects of a dangerous kind are scattered in the streets. The owner of a house where no porter is stationed is to be liable to a fine of 50*l.* In other words, every house-owner is to provide the Government with an extra spy, who is to be watching day and night the little bit of street near him. Private persons will scarcely be able to find porters for the purpose. They would have to keep at least two to each house, one for the night and one for the day; and where are so many porters who would work for private persons to come from? It seems probable also that revolutionists would be sure to offer themselves as porters; and the proprietor might be seriously compromised by having engaged a porter who perhaps himself posted an obnoxious placard and then decamped. Proprietors have only one mode of complying with the decree and of making themselves safe, and that is to pay the Government the cost of two porters a day and let it feed the men. Thus, by means of a crushing house-tax, the streets would be literally lined day and night with policemen. All this, although a small thing in itself, is worth noticing, as showing at once the enormous pecuniary burdens which the Government is prepared to cast on the people, and how painfully it feels its inferiority in the arts of cunning to the revolutionists. These enemies to the State must be highly gratified by this tribute to their audacity. The Government owns that seditious placards may appear in any street where there is not at every few yards a policeman watching day and night. Perhaps the device may succeed. For a time no placards will be posted, but the Government and the people will be wearied out, and then placarding will

recommence, unless the conspiracy is stamped out by more direct means.

The revolutionists call themselves Socialists, and it is said that, although there are Nihilists among them, they must as a body be distinguished from the Nihilists. It does not, again, appear in what sense they are Socialists, except that they may be willing to appeal in some Socialist form to the discontent of the peasantry. Their aim is rather political than anything else. They wish to get rid of a tyrannical and corrupt Government. They wish to get a gentler and purer Government. Many facts contribute to show that the movement is not without some support in the army. The soldiers resent the shameful frauds by which they were deprived during the war of necessary supplies, and they still more resent the effrontery with which inquiries into these frauds were burked when it was found that further disclosures would affect very big rogues indeed. There is also some of the discontent abroad which the conclusion of a war which has been a successful one in point of military achievements, but which financially has been most disastrous, is sure to produce. There has, for example, been a serious disturbance in the territory of the Don Cossacks, who have been disappointed at finding that the remission of taxes after a war, which they regard as one of the incidents of their military tenure, is on this occasion to be denied them. But the vague Socialism of the peasantry, and the discontent consequent on the war, may help the spread of the revolution, but do not give it its special character. It is a civil war, in which those who think the Government so bad that all its agents ought to be killed are fighting those who are determined that the agents of the Government shall not be killed. When all Russia is placed under martial law, and St. Petersburg is to be lined with a continuous cordon of police, the Government confesses that up to the present time it has not got the best of the struggle. It may and probably will win in the long run, but it would be rash to assume that it will win easily. At present the conspirators are encouraged by their extraordinary success, and if many cases of attempted assassination are frustrated and the authors detected, the conspiracy may break up. But the conspirators may wait until those who are watching them are off their guard, and then a new and successful attempt may engender a new terror. But the great and permanent power of the motive which prompts the revolution must be acknowledged. Hatred of a tyrannical and corrupt Government is a strong force in the minds of those who may at any moment become the victims of its tyranny, and are fitted by nature and education to appreciate the scandal of its corruption. The eleven generals and the porters may have a weary work before them; and the worst part of their task may be perhaps that they will have to wait in a fever of alarm without anything happening that will give them the opportunity that is desired of bringing their painful duties to an end.

THE ZULU WAR.

THE first reflection that naturally occurs upon the news of the satisfactory encounter on the Gingihlovo is that it is very fortunate for us that the Zulus, with characteristic bravery, made their onslaught upon our troops in their encampment, instead of attacking when the latter were on the line of march. The choice of a battle-ground did not rest with us, because, had the enemy awaited our movement, Lord CHELMSFORD could not have remained indefinitely in camp, the relief of Ekowe within a certain number of days being an imperative necessity. As it was, they attacked us under the conditions most disadvantageous to themselves, and most advantageous to us, after our men had rested for the night, and were in full readiness to receive them, with all preparations made, and our fire disposed to the best possible effect. Even then, against shelter trenches and a rampart of wagons, and Gatlings, and breech-loaders, these gallant savages forced their way up to within thirty yards of our lines, and, as far as it was possible to achieve success against such odds, they did so. They have certainly given a striking contradiction to the received dicta about such operations. It has come to be an accepted maxim, based on the experience of recent campaigns, and notably the cases of Gravelotte and Plevna, that an attack against troops protected by shelter trenches

was impossible. Had the Zulus, however, been as well armed as our own troops, it is by no means improbable that they would have succeeded in getting into our position, and had they done so the issue might surely have been doubtful. The moral advantage is all on the side of the assailant. Of course an attack of this sort, to be successful, assumes a great numerical superiority on the side of the attacking force; but the Russians had this superiority in their recent campaign. The truth is, the received notions about fighting are purely conventional. When a military operation is said to be impossible, we mean in reality that it would involve greater loss than, according to the conventional standard of the age and nation, the troops would be expected to be able to bear. If an army or a division loses one-third or one-fourth of its numbers, it is considered to have done as much as could be expected from it; indeed the standard of bravery is usually satisfied with a very much smaller loss than this. Yet clearly, if twelve thousand men attack an entrenched position containing half that number of defenders, and if even so many as one-third of their strength are knocked over in getting up to it, there yet remain eight thousand untouched, sound in wind and limb, who have still a large numerical superiority, and all the moral superiority possessed by the assailant. They have now got up to the entrenched position, which no longer affords an advantage to the defenders. Let them go only a few steps further, and they must win. But this is what troops cannot be got to do. By this time they are frightened, and so they give up, and in falling back they probably lose even more heavily than in the advance, because the retirement is made with indecision and more slowly. In the present case the Zulus had none of the usual means for assisting to make an attack successful, the searching fire of artillery by which it is preceded, and that of skirmishers by which it is covered. The nearer they got the more deadly became the fire to which they were exposed; for the line of the defenders was intact, the trifling loss of one per cent. of the total strength being practically no loss. It is not wonderful that at last these brave fellows broke up and gave way.

So far there is every reason to be satisfied with the course of events. Colonel PEARSON and his force have been extricated from a dangerous position; Lord CHELMSFORD has found an opportunity of retrieving his reputation as a general; and our troops seem to have behaved as steadily and as well as possible. Moreover the relief of the Ekowe garrison has been effected before it had been reduced to great straits; for, although some of the papers would appear to regard the case differently, the view they take is certainly contradicted by the figures reported. The deaths in the garrison have been under thirty, and a sick list of two hundred is, under the circumstances, comparatively trifling. The members of the garrison have now been sent across the Tugela to recruit their strength, and it may be hoped that they will soon be in a condition to resume their place in the active portion of the army. It would be premature to offer a decided opinion as yet on the nature of the defence at Ekowe; whether, that is, it was marked by as much vigour as was possible under the circumstances; but at all events the position was thoroughly respected by the enemy.

The accounts from Wood's column are very confused; and it would appear that the same engagement has been reported by two mails running—that, namely, of the 28th March, which was fought outside the camp, when the British were on the offensive, and being surrounded had to cut their way through the Zulu line, which they only succeeded in doing with severe loss. On the following day the camp itself was attacked by a much larger number of the enemy, who attempted the same tactics, if such the attack can be called, of carrying the British entrenched position by sheer dash, and then overcoming the defenders in hand to hand combat. The result was the same in the two cases, although the loss sustained by Wood in his defence was greater than that which occurred in the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's column, as would naturally be the case from the garrison being so much smaller. The result in both actions was, however, the same; after the attack failed the enemy lost heart, and the gallant Wood, rallying forth from his entrenchment, pursued the retreating Zulus, inflicting great loss. The circumstances which led to the detaching of the column which had been so severely handled the day before have not yet been explained, except so far as that it was a raid after cattle; but we are bound to remember

the skill and daring that have hitherto marked all the proceedings conducted by WOOD, the troops in whose command have that confidence in their leader which is the best evidence of his qualifications.

The tactics which Lord CHELMSFORD intends to pursue would appear to be the construction, in the first instance, of a series of entrenched posts from the Lower Tugela onwards to the Gingihlovo, within easy distance of each other, along the line of which supplies and reinforcements may be pushed on in security, and supported by which a column may be assembled for a further advance. The next step, we may suppose, will be to push on in the same way from Rorke's Drift, and also from Utrecht and Luneberg, GLYN'S and WOOD'S columns being reinforced by the portions of the troops from England which have not been distributed already upon the relief of Ekowe. The two regiments of cavalry will be split up into detachments; and it is not easy to see what functions, beyond those of superintendence from a distance of these different detachments, can be found for the general of cavalry who has been sent out. It is to be hoped that, in strengthening WOOD'S column, it may be found possible to dispense with the addition of one of the spare generals sent out with those reinforcements. No doubt when a force in the field is strengthened, the arrangements for commanding it must also undergo consideration. If a column is increased from a battalion to a brigade, or if a brigade is expanded to a division, the original commander has no cause for complaint if he is superseded by a senior officer—that is, provided he has done nothing to merit advance himself. But when telling off a staff of generals for a force, it might naturally occur to those charged with the business that the best way of obtaining a competent general is by promoting a competent colonel. Of the many hundred general officers who make up our overgrown list, the great majority have done nothing whatever to deserve promotion. They have simply risen by force of seniority, and their qualifications for any post of responsibility have still to be ascertained. If, then, it be said that Colonel WOOD has not yet done enough to entitle him to such an exceptional distinction, the answer to such an objection is obvious; he has at least done a great deal more than most colonels who are promoted, because they have done nothing whatever to deserve it; and considering the difficulty of finding competent officers in the higher grades, and the tendency of our seniority system to give us officers too old for their work, the object should be rather to lower than to raise the standard of merit sufficient for earning promotion out of turn, more especially when it is remembered that such promotions virtually do not cause any supersession, because very few men are employed again after they attain to the rank of general. But it has always been part of our system to stickle about this point. It was in deference to the fine feelings about the claims of officers, and to the supposed necessity of making the rank of the officer commensurate with the strength of the command, that Sir HARRY BERRARD was sent to supersede Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY in Portugal, and was himself superseded by Sir HEW DALRYMPLE. The general officers who have been sent to the war are indeed all men of a certain mark, for good work done in a subordinate capacity; but not one of them has had the same opportunities of showing their capacity in positions of independent responsibility that Colonel WOOD has had, while in special experience of the kind of warfare now going on they are of course altogether his inferiors.

If the war is to be one of posts pushed on securely from point to point, till at last the enemy is driven into a corner without an opportunity of striking an effective blow in return, the result will not be doubtful, although it may be deferred. This mode of warfare would at least be sure, although very slow and enormously expensive. But an attack of this sort would be altogether opposed to the instincts of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, who is all for vigorous action, while it is not improbable that the resistance of the Zulus may collapse suddenly. Their losses have been very heavy. We may put the loss at Rorke's Drift at not less than a thousand, from the number of dead bodies found, and that at Isandula was probably almost as great. The killed and wounded in the late battle on the Gingihlovo must have been at least a couple of thousand, and an even greater loss is reported in WOOD'S last engagement. Altogether the original army of forty thousand men has probably lost already nearly a third of its numbers—a loss which there are no means of filling up.

Even among these brave savages such gaps must produce great discouragement, and it would be only in accordance with our experience of savage nations to find their defence suddenly give way.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.

IN a supplementary speech delivered unexpectedly at Birmingham Mr. BRIGHT protested against the continuance of the present Parliament for a time which was, as he asserted, without modern precedent. He has since been reminded that he was himself a member of a Parliament elected in 1859, which extended without remonstrance or popular disapproval over seven Sessions. The election of 1865, held before Lord PALMERSTON'S death, produced no material difference in the balance of parties; and the same result would probably have followed if the dissolution had taken place one or two years earlier. Mr. BRIGHT'S discovery that long Parliaments are unconstitutional is probably not unconnected with a belief that, if a general election were held in the present year, the Government would be defeated. The expression or intimation of such a reason for dissolving shows laudable candour. It can scarcely be for the interest of both parties to select the same moment for trying their strength; and the Ministers, having the choice of seasons, will, if they concur in Mr. BRIGHT'S anticipations, draw from them an opposite conclusion. They will know that the great majority of members on both sides are glad to retain their seats as long as possible without the trouble, the risk, and the expense of a contest. Mr. BRIGHT is certain of his return for Birmingham, probably without cost, and certainly without need of canvassing. Few of his colleagues in the House are so happily situated; and it is already known that many counties and nearly every borough will be contested at the next election. There is no reason to believe that the constituencies in general are more impatient than the candidates. Both parties probably think that they are as likely to gain as to lose by the postponement of the struggle to the autumn of 1880. The chief objection to a long Parliament, as to a long lease, is that towards the end of the term the interests of the occupier may not always coincide with those of the owner of the estate; but the great body of electors will not be disposed to complain that outgoing members are unduly eager to court their favour.

Conjectures as to possible changes in public opinion are at present more than ordinarily uncertain, because the popularity of the Government depends for the time largely on the fortune of war. Either YAKOOB KHAN or CETEWAYO might do Lord BEACONSFIELD good service by timely submission; and a decisive victory in Asia or Africa would probably produce the same effect. Turks, Russians, Bulgarians, and Greeks may perhaps also contribute to a decision which, according to an exaggerated phrase of Mr. LOWE'S, will in his judgment be the most important of the last five hundred years. No Government with a reasonable regard to the interests of its party would dissolve with a defeat of the English troops by the Zulus still unavenged. It is true that the policy of the Colonial Office ought to be judged on its merits; but an unnecessary war is much more objectionable when it is also unsuccessful. The Afghan war has long since effected its most important object by the withdrawal of the Russian Mission from Cabul. The dangers and losses which may be incurred in a new campaign will tell against the Government, unless a successful conclusion of the enterprise may perhaps reconcile the country to its cost. The stagnation of trade and the accompanying glut of the Money-market furnish the Government with additional reasons against a dissolution. It may be hoped that the country will be somewhat more prosperous eighteen months hence; and it is even possible that two good harvests would give the Government a perceptible advantage. It is really surprising that there is so little clamour against an Administration which has seldom or never been favoured by accidental good fortune. If an immediate dissolution were inevitable, an adverse vote of the new House of Commons would perhaps only represent dissatisfaction with bad weather, with bad trade, with foreign tariffs, and with other unavoidable difficulties at home and abroad. In the next Parliament, as in the present, unforeseen issues would perhaps supersede the questions on which the election might have turned. Mr. GLADSTONE made a party mistake in the sudden dissolution of 1874;

but it was impossible that either he or his opponents could foresee that during three or four years the attention of Parliament and the country would be concentrated on foreign affairs.

Within the House of Commons the Government has hitherto derived real or apparent advantage from the temporary suspension of domestic controversies. On all questions relating to Turkey or to India the Ministerial majority has been largely increased, and in some instances it has been doubled. Even in the Zulu division, in which the Government occupied an almost untenable position, its supporters were faithful to their colours. When popular clamour was at one time violently hostile to Turkey, and afterwards not less generally excited against Russia, the Ministers could always rely upon Parliament. Perhaps the heaviest loss which they have suffered has been the resignation of Lord DERBY, which has at last been followed by his formal secession from the party. It was unfortunate that a difference on a question of foreign policy should be embittered by personal conflict. It is not known that Lord DERBY has deliberately changed his political opinions, for the Conservative Associations with which he dissolves his connexion are for the present active supporters of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY. It was impossible that Lord DERBY should concur in a policy of resistance to Russia, or that he should approve of the Afghan war; but experience shows that politicians, when they renounce on special grounds their adherence to a party, almost always glide into general opposition. For the present Lord DERBY declines, as might be expected, to form any party connexion. There is no reason why he should differ from Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; but, on the other hand, he might consistently co-operate with Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON. If Lord DERBY enters the ranks of the Liberal party he will bring with him an accession of weight. His local influence in Lancashire is not inconsiderable, and perhaps he may refuse to support in one division of the county his nearest relative, who is a member of the present Cabinet. Although Lord DERBY is neither a popular orator nor a leader who attracts personal enthusiasm, he rendered invaluable service to his former allies by his moderation, his coolness, and his reputation for common sense. The large section of the Conservative party which inclines to a utilitarian standard of expediency regarded as its principal representative a statesman who never deviated into fancy or sentiment. There could be no doubt that any course of action to which Lord DERBY was a party admitted of plausible explanation. Even his occasional mistakes were evidently results rather of unimaginative caution than of wilful temerity. It was generally expected that, on the retirement of Lord BEACONSFIELD, Lord DERBY would become the leader of the party, and that he would restrain any propensity which it might cherish towards violence or reaction. Tories themselves will scarcely wish in future to entrust their fortunes to a zealous and conscientious Tory.

The Liberals have no reason to regret a postponement which has deprived their opponents of a powerful ally. If they can win Lancashire, they may reasonably hope for a majority in the rest of England; but it is not known whether the county has yet outgrown its antipathies to the former managers of the Corn Law League and to the numerous Irish immigrants. There is little use in speculating on the chances of a contest which will depend on unknown conditions. A temporary delay is not unwelcome; nor does the Septennial Act deserve the censure which, for party reasons, it provokes from Mr. BRIGHT. In six or seven years about a fourth part of the House of Commons is renewed by the operation of natural causes; and the occasional elections during the existence of the present Parliament have made no material change in the comparative strength of parties. In 1874 the Government took office with an assured majority of sixty; and in the late Zulu division it defeated the Opposition by the same number. Mr. GLADSTONE condescended some months ago to argue in one of his numerous pamphlets that the casual elections had shown a balance in favour of the Opposition; but some of the instances which he cited were doubtful or capable of explanation; and the general result had left the majority nearly as it was. There are many supplementary ways of testing political opinion; and yet no political calculator can at present judge with confidence of the prospects of parties. There is as good a chance of a tolerably dispassionate expression of opinion at

intervals of six or seven years as at the end of any longer or shorter period. Mr. BRIGHT strives in vain to rouse the indignation of a fifth or sixth generation against the prolongation of its own powers by a Parliament of a century and a half ago. Since that time constituencies have had many opportunities of redressing their wrongs, and several Reform Bills, including the Act of Union and the Catholic Emancipation Act, have given opportunities of correcting abuses. For a year and a quarter, or for a Session and a half, it will probably be necessary to bear with a House of Commons which is unfortunately opposed to Mr. BRIGHT. In the second autumn he and his friends will have facilities for proving that their ratiocinations were correct; and yet neither they nor their adversaries know at this moment on what the elections will turn.

M. BLANQUI'S ELECTION.

WHATEVER may be the faults of the French Ministry, they can at all events plead the excuse that they have some very unpracticable people to deal with. That the city of Bordeaux should choose to be represented by M. BLANQUI is one of those eccentricities into which it is impossible for a foreigner to enter. There are two contingencies in which such a selection would have been just intelligible. If a reactionary Government had been in power, the advanced Republican party might have hoped to frighten them into giving up the game. Or, if the present Government had been pursuing a policy of obstinate moderation, the advanced Republicans might have wished to make it plain that under no possible circumstances would such a policy have their support. But at this moment a Republican Government is in power, and, so far as it can be said to have a policy, it is a policy which the advanced Left have every inducement to tolerate. As soon as the amnesty question had been decided, M. WADDINGTON at once accepted the advice tendered him by the journals of the Left, and set himself to keep the present Republican majority together. As the present Republican majority is—in the Chamber of Deputies, at least—a decidedly advanced majority, this decision of M. WADDINGTON's meant the introduction of advanced measures; and as he was apparently not at the moment prepared to declare war either against property or the family, he took the only remaining course, and declared war against the Church. No doubt his advanced followers were sorry at finding that he did not mean to go any further. But pliability is a virtue in which a Cabinet comes fast to perfection. The precedent had been established that the Cabinet held office to carry through the Chambers the measures indicated by the Left wing of their supporters, and there was no reason to fear that it would not be acted upon as often as the advanced Republicans chose to exert the necessary pressure. This is the moment which the electors of Bordeaux think appropriate for giving the Government a slap in the face. Prudence would have dictated that a young convert like M. WADDINGTON should not be pressed too hard at first, and that he should have time given him to digest M. FERRY's Education Bill before being ordered to pursue his legislative efforts in the society of a gentleman who is more familiar with a prison than with the Chamber of Deputies. Bordeaux, however, has decided that M. WADDINGTON is to be allowed no respite. Every one knows the sort of measures which M. BLANQUI would support in those rare intervals when he lays aside his musket and condescends to such dull work as legislation. To send M. BLANQUI to Versailles is to tell M. WADDINGTON that these, and no other, are the measures expected from him. So far as the wishes of the electors of Bordeaux go, the Republican majority can only be kept together by a policy which will conciliate M. BLANQUI. It is said, indeed—we do not know with what amount of truth—that the electors of Bordeaux were really actuated by a humbler design than that here attributed to them. They do not, on this theory, want to set up M. BLANQUI as a political model to which it behoves M. WADDINGTON to conform as quickly as may be; they only wish to administer a rebuke to the Government for not including M. BLANQUI in the amnesty. If this is the true account of their meaning, it does not much mend matters. A party which does not scruple to embarrass a Government from which it has already got so much and hopes to get so much more, merely to gratify a passing irritation that a particular prisoner has not been released, has not learned the radi-

ments of political strategy. Even if the Government are completely mistaken in their treatment of M. BLANQUI, a party which will excuse no error in its leaders is a party with which it is impossible long to work.

The peculiar features of M. BLANQUI's career give his return a specific and unpleasant significance. It has become almost a law of French elections that the great cities should return Radical candidates of the most advanced type; and if Bordeaux had merely supplied another example of this tendency, there would have been nothing to call for remark. But M. BLANQUI is a good deal more than a very advanced Radical. He is not the apostle of an extreme policy, or even of a fanatical policy, but of no policy at all. As regards any and every principle of government, he is a simple Nihilist. His hand has been impartially against every established order of things under which he has lived. He has never asked whether an Executive is good or bad, republican or monarchical, progressive or reactionary. It has been enough for him that it is an Executive, and without more inquiry he has attacked it. Judging by his past life, he would be as much the enemy of a Government presided over by M. GAMBETTA or M. CLÉMENTEAU as of the present Government, or of a Royalist or Imperialist restoration. M. BLANQUI does not trouble himself to draw nice distinctions. He knows a Government when he sees it, and he recognizes in it his natural and irreconcilable foe. When a man of this character finds nearly seven thousand electors willing to vote for him, it is evidence not that they hold strong opinions as to the line which the Government ought to take, or as to the men of whom the Cabinet should be composed, but that they hold opinions incompatible with a rational support of any Government. If M. BLANQUI's supporters were more numerous or more consistent, their opinions would even be incompatible with peaceful submission to any Government. Happily, however, this last and worst consequence does not follow as a matter of fact. These seven thousand electors of Bordeaux would like perhaps to be able to boast that they have never bowed the knee to the BAAL of authority; but as long as authority wears the visible shape of a police and an army, they may be trusted to yield the same grudging but sufficient obedience which they have hitherto paid.

Still M. BLANQUI's election, taken in conjunction with the elections at Paris and in Muret, ought to convince the present Cabinet of two things which they greatly need to learn. The first is the untrustworthiness of the materials of which their present majority is composed. It really does not matter whether the representative of men like M. BLANQUI's supporters votes for or against Ministers on any given occasion. The times when he is found on their side will always be of the nature of exceptions which only prove the rule that he is usually in violent opposition. No measures, however extreme, can really be trusted to have the conciliatory effect which they are intended and apparently calculated to exercise. It follows from this that legislation of the extreme type is perfectly useless as regards the enlistment of Radical allies. They will come to the aid of the Minister or hold aloof from him, just as the fancy seizes them. But the introduction of measures intended and apparently calculated to conciliate the Radicals of the great cities is likely to have a very unmistakable effect on the moderate supporters of the present Cabinet. M. WADDINGTON was welcomed as M. DUFAURE's successor because it was supposed that he possessed the peculiar merits which had commended M. DUFAURE to all whose Conservatism relates to things rather than to names. The acceptance of M. FERRY's Bill as a Cabinet measure gives the lie to all such expectations by setting up an undying antagonism between the Republic and the Church. This is about the last thing with which a really Conservative Minister would care to have his name associated. Whether M. WADDINGTON is ignorant or indifferent as to the mischief which this Bill is certain to work if it becomes law is not a matter of any consequence. In either case he is not a proper Prime Minister of a Republic which, to-day as much as eight years ago, is nothing if it be not Conservative. If the Left Centre are unable or do not care to resist proposals of the kind which the present Cabinet has so unwisely entertained, the prospects of the Republic will speedily become clouded. The Bonapartists are always waiting to profit by the accomplishment of their own predictions, and the elections at Paris and Muret

show plainly how little it would take to upset the present order of things. The Legitimists and the Orleanists are always ready when it comes to the point to support a Bonapartist against a Republican, and if once the Republic is definitively identified with revolutionary ideas, a large, probably an overwhelming, contingent of voters who now call themselves Republicans would come over to the same side. Why should M. NIEL obtain 11,569 votes and M. GODELLE 6,509 just at this moment? The Imperialist cause is not specially before the public in any way; on the contrary, it was supposed to have been in exceptional discredit. The only interpretation of the facts is that the Conservative Republicans are beginning to take alarm at M. WADDINGTON's pliability, and that their alarm is assuming that Imperialist shape which such a feeling naturally and inevitably takes in France.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER DUTY.

THE report that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposes to commute the railway passenger duty, though it could not have been literally true, seems to have been widely believed. If he had really entertained any intention of the kind, his scheme would not have been so wholly indefensible as the project of a simple commutation. Some time ago Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE intimated to the Companies that, if they were at any future time relieved from the tax, they would have to purchase exemption, not by the substitution of a gross sum for an annual payment, but in the form of additional facilities and reduced rates. Mr. LOWE in one of his Budgets offered a general tax on railway traffic as an alternative for the passenger duty; but the great commercial railway Companies had no desire to relieve the Southern passenger lines at their own expense; and the gross anomaly of a tax on the transit of goods in a country which professes principles of free trade would perhaps not have met with the approval of the House of Commons. It is bad enough to impose a special and arbitrary tax on personal locomotion; but the magnitude of an injustice which produces 800,000*l.* a year is its own protection. The burden is divided in uncertain proportions between proprietors of railway stock and travellers. If passengers alone were taxed, they might perhaps obtain relief from a grievance which affects nearly the whole community; but railway shareholders, though numerous, are still a minority; and taxes on special classes, once imposed, are popular with the House of Commons and the country. Of all investments of capital, perhaps none have produced so much public advantage as the expenditure of several hundreds of millions on railways; but large corporations are, by a common fallacy of the imagination, regarded with jealousy, if not with dislike. The shareholders are for the most part persons of small or moderate fortune, who have certainly received no extravagant return for their outlay; but some of the Companies receive a gross income which is reckoned by millions, and they are therefore vulgarly deemed fit objects of fiscal spoliation. It is impossible to justify or excuse the exaction of large sums from the owners of the London underground railways for liberty to confer on the inhabitants of the metropolis the great benefit of cheap and rapid transit; but Chancellors of the Exchequer reckon confidently on the support of the House of Commons when, one after another, they profess their inability to afford redress.

The present state of the revenue renders a reduction of taxes obviously unattainable. There has consequently been no recent agitation against the passenger duty, although Chairmen at general meetings seldom fail to remind the shareholders of the unfairness from which they suffer. A new device for diminishing the burden has lately been suggested by ingenious theorists in the form of a commutation of the tax for a fixed sum which might be raised on terms that would impose a reduced charge on income. If the tax were redeemed at twelve years' purchase, the required amount would be 10,000,000*l.*, or 400,000*l.* a year. The difference, or one-half of the present duty, would be saved by the shareholders, as long as Parliament might think fit to observe the conditions of the contract in letter and spirit. The representatives of some of the Companies have after discussion rejected the project, perhaps because they may have seen that it was impracticable. If the bargain were advan-

tageous to the shareholders, it would in proportion involve loss to the State; and for the same reason, if it were equally fair to both parties, neither would gain, except perhaps in the form of temporary or permanent convenience. The arithmetical calculation, though it is simple and easy, depends on the arbitrary estimate of the justice and wisdom of Parliament, and also on an assumption that the tax is more or less equitable. The supposed arrangement would imply that the tax was likely to last for twelve years, and not for a longer period. The arguments for and against the duty are rated at about one-half of their value. The vigour of the agitation which would be bought off by the arrangement is balanced against the pertinacity of Chancellors of the Exchequer and of successive Houses of Commons. On the whole, the odds are on the side of possession, and the bargain might therefore be profitable to the Companies. It would not be their business to consider that, in buying off an unjust burden, they were furnishing motives for future injustice to be inflicted on other classes of the community. There is no doubt that for any legitimate purpose they could raise ten millions at four per cent., though there might be some difficulty in collecting the proportionate contributions of small and doubtfully solvent Companies.

The temptation to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to enter into the negotiation may perhaps have seemed to the authors of the scheme almost irresistible. In addition to the trifling advantage of the close of a troublesome agitation, the Minister would in the time of his utmost need receive an unforeseen windfall of ten millions, which might perhaps by adroit diplomacy be increased. The Indian loan and the last year's deficit would at once be covered, while the estimated revenue would only be reduced by the moderate amount of 800,000*l.* If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were the Minister of the SULTAN, of the KHEDIVE, or even of the Emperor of RUSSIA, he would not hesitate for a moment to accept an unexpected boon. As an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was, as the projectors might have foreseen, likely to hesitate longer. The extinction of a perpetual annuity at twelve years' purchase is, on a four per cent. scale, an operation equivalent to the contraction of a loan at more than eight per cent.; and the English Government can at this moment borrow money at little over three per cent. With Consols at 99, lavish offers of money at high interest are naturally regarded with suspicion. It may indeed be said that the passenger duty is not a perpetual element of the national revenue, because it ought to be, and possibly might be, repealed without compensation; but the duration of the tax depends on the will of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and his successors, who may not improbably refuse concession for at least twenty-five or thirty years. The 800,000*l.* which would be sacrificed cannot be replaced by the imposition of any tax which the House of Commons has not already at command. In concluding the proposed bargain the Government could not fulfil its former promise of introducing conditions in favour of railway passengers or freighters. The terms of commutation would be settled between the two parties, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not be justified in taking less or in paying more for the benefit of even the largest section of the community. The whole scheme was apparently contrived by amateur financiers who have never considered financial traditions or official responsibilities. Unless there were some probability that a measure of the kind would be adopted, the Companies have some reason to complain of their friends for their implied admission that the passenger duty is an equitable and permanent impost.

There is probably no modern English precedent for the commutation of a duty, except in the case of the Land-tax. The charge which is improperly so called was imposed, not merely on land, but on all kinds of property; and in the original Act it was assumed that the profits on personality were six per cent. on the estimated value. In practice the tax was, as in the similar case of parochial rates, evaded, except as far as it applied to land. It was from the first understood to be a permanent charge on the whole property of the kingdom, and consequently it might without violation of principle be commuted. All other taxes are levied solely to provide for the public wants; and they ought in their turn to be repealed when the amounts which they respectively produce are no longer required. If fifty years ago the brick duty, the glass duty, or the window duty, had been commuted for a fixed sum, the

taxpayers would have suffered grievous injustice in being compelled to buy relief to which, as Parliament afterwards admitted, they were equitably entitled. The House of Commons, on the proposal of the Government of the day, is bound to impose and maintain the least burdensome taxes which will produce the necessary amount of revenue. In selling the national resources it would wholly depart from its legitimate office. If the practice of commutation were once to become common, Finance Ministers in time of war or of embarrassment would be tempted to impose troublesome taxes for the purpose of causing them to be bought off. In almost every instance the bargain would be either bad for the country or oppressive to the taxpayer. The power of contracting loans ought to be sparingly used, although the high credit of the country enables the Government to borrow on lower terms than any native or foreign competitor. When the means of providing for extraordinary wants and for expenditure on capital account are obvious and familiar, it cannot be justifiable to engage in speculative dealings with the proceeds of particular taxes. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is too sound an economist to have entered into the contract which he was some days ago supposed to have concluded; but rumours which were sufficiently prevalent to have affected the price of railway stock, and especially the stock of the passenger lines, probably admit of some explanation. The statements which might have been made on the subject would have excited some curiosity, though it was from the first incredible that, before the discussions on the Budget have begun in earnest, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should have resolved on a measure which would have contradicted all his recent statements.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

THE French Government, like most other Continental Governments just now, feel a much greater tenderness for the French manufacturer than for the French consumer; and they do not scruple to give effect to this preference when arranging their scale of Customs duties. It happens, however, that in the matter of the sugar manufacture Customs duties do not give a sufficient field for the display of this kindly emotion. The French refiner is not content with having the home market secured for his exclusive use. He sees his way, if only the Government will give him a helping hand, to driving the English refiner out of the English market. He cannot do this without Government aid, because West Indian sugar can be sold a little cheaper in England than French sugar, supposing the prices of the two to be left to find their natural level. In that case, says the French refiner, why leave them to find their natural level? Why not enable me to undersell the English refiner in his own market, and thus secure for France the benefit of the double trade? The French Government have listened to this reasoning, and have consented to pay a bounty on all French sugar exported. How they can manage to square matters with the French consumer would be a mystery, if we did not know that the consumer is seldom alive to his own interests, in anything like the degree in which producers are alive to theirs. The consumers pay farthings where the producer pockets pounds, and though the pounds come eventually out of the farthings, the process of conversion is not realized in the separate instances. Nor, even if it were realized, is it all clear that it would be resented. The strange indifference to their losses by Protection which consumers in foreign countries seem to display is in part a form of patriotism. They like to think that the industries of their country are prospering, and the more industries there are to prosper the better they are pleased. It is far from certain that, if the French consumer clearly understood that he might save some fraction of a franc out of his yearly taxation if he would consent to close the English market against French sugar, and thereby ruin a proportionate number of French refiners, he would not elect to go on paying the money. Of course there is a well-understood limit beyond which this process cannot be carried. The readiness to bear taxation that is born of patriotism will only tolerate a very gentle pressure. But, as long as the amount is so light that it is only appreciable when considered in the aggregate, the individual taxpayer thinks little of it. If the bounty constituted a real addition to a Frenchman's burdens, there

would be no need for any further remonstrances on the part of the British Government.

Much alarm and indignation was expressed on Tuesday at the attack upon Free-trade which was supposed to be involved in Mr. RITCHIE's motion. It is true that a good deal of more or less disguised Protection found its way into the debate; but even the project of a countervailing duty, objectionable as it is on other grounds, does not, so far as we can see, involve any return to Protection. Mr. COURTNEY refuses to make any distinction between a natural and an artificial market. He maintains that, since the English consumer gets his sugar cheaper by reason of the French bounty, to impose a duty which would deprive him of this advantage would be to sacrifice his interests to those of the refiner. Those who hold this view are bound, if they wish to be consistent, to do more than merely refuse to put on a duty. They ought to make no effort to alter the state of things which brings about this beneficial result. Yet no one contends that the British Government may not use its influence with the French Government to get the bounty abolished. On the contrary, every speaker on Tuesday conceded that it was the duty of the Government to injure the English consumer to this extent. It follows from this that the English sugar market is in a condition which makes it proper to interfere with it; and if it may be interfered with by remonstrances designed to obtain the removal of the bounty, why may it not be interfered with by a duty imposed to neutralize the effect of the bounty after these remonstrances have proved fruitless? Let us suppose that the French Government, desiring to inflict a fatal blow upon English prosperity, succeeded in abolishing our cotton manufacture by making it worth the while of the French producers to flood the English market with cotton goods offered at nominal prices. Such a measure is conceivable, at all events, and the results to the English consumer would not differ in kind from those which follow from the bounty on exported sugar. Would Mr. COURTNEY contend that, though the cheapening of cotton goods was entirely artificial, and merely an incident in a deliberate attempt on the part of the French Government to bring ruin upon English manufactures, the principle of Free-trade would be violated if the English Government took any steps to restore the cotton market to its natural condition? We can hardly suppose that his argument would carry him this length; and yet, if it stops short of it, we do not see why he should be so convinced that the Government would not be justified in taking similar measures to restore the balance of the sugar market. The English consumer benefits by the introduction of cheap sugar from France, just as the purchaser of stolen goods may benefit by getting them at half the cost price. But in both cases, if the disadvantages connected with the state of things which sends prices down are great enough to make the matter deserving of the attention of the Government, we cannot see why it may not fairly do what is needed to raise the depreciated goods to the price at which they would be sold if the cost of production were the only thing to be considered. The reason commonly and rightly alleged against protective duties is that they foster industries which have no natural home in a country, and so divert the attention of the industrial population from labours which it could undertake with greater profit to itself and to mankind in general. In the present case, however, a countervailing duty would have no such effect. The French Government may any day cease to pay the bounty, or the French refiners may find that they have obtained entire command of the English market, and are consequently able to make their own terms with the English consumers. In either case, the buyer of sugar in this country would have cause to regret the mistaken regard which left him dependent on one, and that a precarious, source for the supply of what has almost become a necessary of life.

At the same time, the arguments against the imposition of a countervailing duty decidedly outweigh those alleged in its favour. It would not be a violation of Free-trade principles to impose such a duty; but then this is not the only objection to which a fiscal proposal may be open. A manufacturing nation which imports almost every article of food is the last nation that ought to embark upon a war of tariffs; and the first Customs duty imposed by England for any other purpose than that of revenue would undoubtedly be the signal for such a war. In the present

extraordinary reaction in favour of Protection, the one means that Englishmen can take to oppose the rising tide is to show an unshaken belief in the principles which they have so loudly proclaimed. The first symptom of any wavering on their part would be caught up as a sufficient justification for the imposition of every duty which the needs of an Empire out at elbows, or the fears of manufacturers threatened by competition, might suggest to a Finance Minister. When the argument against a countervailing duty is thus conclusive, it is a mistake to make additions to it which only tend to weaken its force.

DEAFNESS.

THERE is a certain romance about defective vision, but there is none in deafness. A child leading a blind man is a favourite subject with painters, but there is nothing picturesque in a child bawling into the ear of a deaf man. It is more easy to look graceful when handling eye-glasses than when using an ear-trumpet; and the expression of the short-sighted, "I cannot see very distinctly at this distance," is more euphonic than the "Eh? What?" of the deaf. About most ailments there is a certain melancholy interest, but there is little poetry in deafness. We are not speaking of complete deafness, about which melancholy condition there may be a sad interest; nor do we refer to those creatures who offer you the mouthpieces of long tubes connected with their ears—an ordeal which is as disconcerting as having one's health drunk unexpectedly at a public dinner; we are thinking rather of the person who, while only hearing tolerably under very favourable circumstances, is far from being completely deaf. Such a one meets with little pity. If his acquaintances occasionally express a languid regret at his infirmity, his familiar friends let him know what a bore it is. They can scarcely be human if they do not show a little impatience now and then at having to repeat sentences again and again before he hears them.

If his fellow-creatures are somewhat callous to the sufferings of the deaf man, he is keenly alive to them himself. Sometimes, indeed, he is almost tempted to retire from society altogether, and to live the life of a social leper, for not only is his infirmity a misfortune to himself, but it is also a source of weariness and annoyance to others. Badinage and repartee are utterly tabooed to him, nor can he join in the "chaff" which is their most modern equivalent. In some cliques the last-mentioned form of conversation is almost the only recognized language, and constitutes the bulk of their mental food; the deaf person, consequently, is an utter nonentity in such society, even if he is as wise as Solomon or as satirical as Thackeray. A man whose hearing is weak may be able to converse with one other person with tolerable comfort, provided no confusing sounds distract him, but he can neither join in general conversation nor understand it. Just as a good story seems within his grasp he misses its point, and if he catches the leading features of an anecdote he fails to hear the names of the people concerned in it. If a charming woman condescends to become communicative, and whispers secrets to him, he cannot hear a single sentence, and his awkward "I beg your pardon," or "I did not quite catch what you said," chills the spirit of flirtation. No one cares to shout slanders into an unsensitive tympanum, especially when many acute listeners are within earshot. Charming women, as a rule, abhor deaf men, as they do not care to roar confidences or scandals at the tops of their voices.

Those who have never suffered from deafness can have little idea of the exertion of trying to hear what others say, especially when there is an accompanying buzz of general conversation; for although an irritating noise, such as the rumbling of a carriage or the vibration of a railway, seems to stimulate weak ears, the murmur of many voices serves but to confuse them, and an evening spent in society is in general with the deaf a painful strain from beginning to end. The same number of hours spent in endeavouring to read small print by firelight would be little, if at all, more fatiguing. To hear but a word here and there of one's own language is as trying as to converse in a tongue that one does not half understand, and produces a very similar sensation. Speaking of foreign languages, by the way, we may observe that deaf people have the greatest difficulty in acquiring their colloquial use. They may learn to read or write them with ease, but they find it almost impossible to learn to speak them fluently, still more to understand them when spoken by others. Among the many inconveniences which the deaf experience is that of failing to catch the names of people to whom they are introduced. After nine introductions out of ten they do not know whether they are speaking to a Cabinet Minister or a curate, a duke or a brewer. Worse than this is the dread which haunts them of having made rude or foolish answers. It is hard enough to say the right thing at the right moment, even with a pair of sharp ears; but the exact opposite is so likely to be the course pursued by the owner of a pair of dull ones that he lives in perpetual fear of committing himself. A very palpable blunder is not likely to lead to serious mischief, although it may provoke a smile. For instance, if on meeting a friend who tells us that he is going to pay us a call, we say that we are very sorry, imagining that he said he was

going to have a cold, the mistake is so obvious that he cannot well take offence; but if we coldly reply "Indeed," not having heard what we suppose to have been a commonplace remark, his feelings are not unlikely to be hurt. We remember a patron of a young artist asking a deaf critic whether he had observed one of his *protégés* pictures in the Academy. "Yes, yes," replied the dull of hearing, and so far all went well. "And were you not struck by the clouds?" inquired the patron. "Yes, they were so like cotton wool," replied the critic, who was under the impression that he was expected to abuse the picture. When it is remembered that the deaf person finds himself in constant danger of making mistakes of this kind, it can hardly be a matter of wonder if he is nervous and diffident. The unpleasantness of requesting people to repeat what they have said induces many deaf persons to pretend to have heard when they have not. Such simulations are not very difficult when the speaker is a demonstrative person, as his face and manner indicate the proper moments at which to laugh or to appear sympathetic; but the task of pretence is a hard one with an unimpassioned talker who has a habit of saying ridiculous things with a grave face. Still more inconvenient to the dull-eared are those who smile deceptively when recounting tragedies. To answer "how very absurd" is scarcely a sympathetic manner of receiving the news of the serious illness of a friend; yet it is far from impossible for a deaf person to make such a blunder. While their own conversational efforts are often weak and ill-timed, the deaf are very unsuspicious to the beauties of those of others. The grandest oratory offers no attraction to them, and the very mention of the word sermon makes them shudder. Even their enjoyment of music is much deadened. It is tantalizing to hear just enough of a performance to make one wish to hear more, as any one may prove by filling his ears with cotton wool at a concert. Another cause of distress to the deaf is their consciousness of social stupidity. As they seldom can hear good stories, they rarely have any to tell to others, for newspaper-cribbled anecdotes generally fall very flat. Their small talk is therefore, sadly limited, and they are often painfully aware of their failings in this respect. It is needless to say that they are unfitted for most of the liberal professions; but it is not only as bread-winners that they are inefficient. They make bad magistrates, they are useless on boards, and as M.P.'s they can only vote as the chiefs of their party tell them. Their personal sufferings at public meetings may be better imagined than described. A sermon, after all, only lasts half or three-quarters of an hour, but a meeting often occupies the greater part of a morning or afternoon.

Those who live much with deaf people are fully aware that their misfortune is not entirely a one-sided affair. There are more interesting questions than "What?" an interrogation which is too frequently put to them by their dull-eared friends. It is unpleasant, too, to be required by one person to tell a good story twice, when the rest of the party heard it distinctly the first time; and it is disagreeable to be obliged to speak in an unnaturally loud tone in society, particularly when conscious that one's remarks are not of world-wide interest. It is provoking, too, to be requested to repeat another person's story before he has got to the end of it himself. The deaf man who is fond of gossip is a source of peril both to friend and foe. All scandalmongers are dangerous; but the deaf scandalmonger is such an unsafe member of society that he is unfit to go about without a keeper. He hears part of a story, mishears another part, and fails altogether to hear the remainder. He seizes his scraps and patches them together from surmise. Armed with this valuable information, he proceeds to spread it broadcast. It is not often that he can get hold of a story in any shape, so, when he can piece one together, he tells it to everybody he meets.

It has been observed that, if one watches dancers with closed ears, the result is ridiculous, as they seem to be capering about to no purpose; more absurd, however, is the appearance of a preacher when we cannot hear what he says. The dancers, at any rate, seem good-humoured; but here we have a man who appears to have worked himself into a passion with some person or persons unknown, and we long to advise him to keep his temper, be things ever so bad. From his manner we at one time infer that he is trying the effect of persuasion, at another that of invective; we can hear his voice raised or lowered, quivering with emotion or railing in indignation; but we cannot distinguish his articulations, nor can we make out whether he is scolding the congregation or abusing an absent friend. Our attention being unoccupied with the matter of his sermon, we have ample time to notice all his little tricks and mannerisms; we anxiously watch for fresh gestures, and wonder which attitudes or movements foretell an approaching conclusion. Watching singing is little more amusing than watching preaching. Of course a person who is not entirely deaf can generally hear a great part of a song; but in a large opera house or concert-room, when far from the orchestra, he loses quite enough to mar the enjoyment of the whole, and sometimes he can hear little of the solos except the highest shrieks of the soprano. When she lowers her voice, it gradually becomes more and more indistinct, until she seems to open her mouth without making any perceptible sound, and these apparently mute movements of her lips are followed by an outburst of uproarious applause, which contrasts curiously with the (to the deaf person) dead silence which preceded and invoked it. Little less extraordinary is the effect produced by the reader of a comic story when we cannot hear a word he says. Unlike the case of the preacher, it is the audience and not the speaker that seems eccentric when the theme of the discourse is amusing. Without apparent cause

their features twitch and their diaphragms become convulsed. The appearance of others in fits of laughter is more ridiculous than dignified to those who are not themselves amused. Very odd, too, seem the movements of a speaker and his audience at a public dinner when we cannot hear him. He stutters and hesitates, smiles and goes through various antics, and then the listeners cry "Hear, hear," and thump the table until the glasses jingle.

Defective hearing is not without its effect upon the mind and character of the patient. Preventing him from entering into general conversation, it has a tendency to make him observant, and he becomes a looker-on in society. He learns to notice quickly expressions of pleasure, ill temper, interest, or weariness in the faces of others. On the other hand, through his inability to engage in ordinary discourse, he loses the habit of repartee, and generally becomes a slow, diffident, and awkward talker. Mistrusting his hearing, he practically obtains most of his information from print, in which case he has time to draw his conclusions at leisure. He is apt, in consequence, to lose the facility of rapid thought so necessary in a good conversationalist. He is, however, very tenacious of his leisurely matured opinions, and trusts to them implicitly, often gaining a reputation for obstinacy. This is the chief reason of our hearing so frequently of people being "as deaf as posts and as obstinate as mules." The deaf man gets, the more distrustful he becomes of human speech, and he hesitates to form a decision on a question unless he has seen it stated in black and white. His loss of susceptibility to the influence of the voices of others renders him less affected also by their presence. Thrown so much upon himself, he becomes absent, and feels alone among a crowd. A confusion of discordant sounds has little power to annoy him, and the roar of a great city scarcely distracts him. He is not worried by barrel organs or street cries, nor do equinoctial gales or barking dogs disturb his slumbers; and he may always console himself with the reflection that a large proportion of the conversation which he loses through his infirmity is not worth hearing. His lot may be a sad one, but it is said that there is no creature so miserable or weak as to be ungifted with any means of self-defence, and the deaf man is no exception to this rule. When his conduct is disapproved of, and when his errors and misdeeds have been pointed out to him in a long and passionate harangue, he can utterly disconcert his accuser by requesting him kindly to repeat what he has said.

NEWSPAPER COMMONPLACES.

THACKERAY says somewhere that no people in the world read books so little as those who write them. It would perhaps have been more true to say that no human beings are so illiterate as some of the writers in newspapers. Journalism has now its traditions and its catchwords; and any one who has mastered these is man of letters enough to compose newspaper articles. The result is that a stale set of old phrases, old illustrations, old jokes, and old quotations are printed, day after day, for the instruction and amusement of the public. The English public is not very choice in its tastes, and makes no noisy demand for freshness in literature. Still there must be moments when the steadiest tradesman and the most stolid occupant of the omnibus feels weary of the dull old japes, the threadbare scraps of undergraduate reading, the dim reminiscences of something said by some Latin poet, generally supposed to have been Horace. Leech's pampered footman, fatigued by the round of beef, mutton, and pork, wished that some new animal could be invented. The English newspaper reader must feel the same craving for fresh literary food; but he is a contented creature.

Probably the majority of grocers, shoemakers, and chimney-sweeps know perfectly well beforehand the nature of the literary fare that awaits them on certain occasions. Given a Bank Holiday (and Bank Holidays are now given with terrible profusion), the problem is to produce a "holiday article." No one can say it is a pleasant or an easy task; but who can praise the journalist who merely plays the old, old tune? He still has the heartless audacity to quote a text of Froissart about the English and their amusements, just as if he had ever opened the pages of the Canon of Chimay, or as if his readers were not tired of the hackneyed line. Newspaper Chaucer is confined to the passage about French at Stratford-atte-Bow, and to the very perfect gentle knight. It would be an impertinence, almost an outrage, to bring anything more fresh and radiant from the treasures of Chaucer. Spenser is known and quoted solely through Macaulay, and his remark about the death of the Blatant Beast. Macaulay is, indeed, the source of most of the stock literary illustration that does not illustrate anything. This great author, the spiritual father of all picturesque reporters, would look, if he were alive, with some pain and remorse at his lettered progeny. He would see that his habit of Scriptural quotations has become a mere annoyance. The world has heard too often of "new wine in old bottles," a text dragged into every discussion of every reform. A writer lately observed that, "according to Solomon, a sweet low voice was an excellent thing in woman"; and he went on to observe that Solomon, "with his large and rich matrimonial experience," must be accepted as an authority. Another wiseacre took the adage about cakes, ale, and virtue for a quotation from the Sermon on the Mount. A third has described Hookham Frere as the author of several translations from Greek authors, such as "Aristophanes," "Birds and Clouds," and so forth. Macaulay is more or less responsible for all this erudition.

His reading was so vast, and his trick of illustration so ready, that the trick seemed an easy one. The first generation of imitators of Macaulay kept up the game pretty well. The next, that under whose eloquence we now sit, has apparently not even read Macaulay, not even read Dickens, not even read Charles Kingsley at first hand. Journalists have merely read journals, and have caught a few shreds of the spangled cloak that their ancestors borrowed from Macaulay. This appears to be the real cause of the triteness of quotations that should be allowed to rust in disuse.

A few familiar examples of decrepit phrases may be turned over once more. The reader will meet them all next week in the papers, threadbare, but not ashamed. There is the one stock phrase from La Rochefoucauld, and the other from Chamfort, both, as a rule, misquoted. To introduce anything less threadbare from the treasures of these men of wit would be to break the unwritten rules of the picturesque writer's trade-union. To quote "*l'estime s'use comme l'amour*," or "*les femmes ne donnent à l'amitié que ce qu'elles empruntent à l'amour*," is to commit a kind of outrage, to be a pedant, a professor, a *fanfaron* of out-of-the-way erudition. The journalist ought strictly to confine himself to what all his fellows have learned from the great men who went before them, Maginn and his friends, or to the hints they have received from Mr. Sala. The old writers of Captain Shandon's school knew a good deal, and probably introduced to the English press the tags from Froissart, Horace, and the rest, which are now handed down as a literary stock-in-trade to which no one must add anything. They would have been incapable of publishing without comment the letter of a correspondent who last week informed the readers of a contemporary that a certain quotation was from Boileau, not from Despréaux. As no one takes the trouble even to verify the ancient tags, they get a good deal tattered and worn. The primeval British brag, too, is rather overworked. One paper managed twice, within four days, to illustrate the worst vices of the traditional system. The topic was cricket, and the writer, with a fine *abandon*, ventured to drag in the French critic, and his inability to understand the rules or to see the fun of the pastime. Cricket is in itself so good a game that one might surely enjoy it without poking fun at the conventional Frenchman. Probably there are as many Frenchmen who understand cricket as there are Englishmen who understand baccarat or roulette. Tradition demands, however, that the intelligent foreigner who never understands anything shall be sacrificed on the turf altar of British manliness. But it did not suffice this paper only once to slay the slain. Three days later, in another article on cricket, the Frenchman was dragged in again. He was said to wonder that we do not pay men to play cricket for us, as in point of fact we do, as far as the majority of players in county matches are concerned. It was hinted, with great caution, that the Frenchman was probably not Talleyrand. To crown the edifice of elderly twaddle, Kingsley's eternal Ode to the East Wind was quoted, and quoted wrongly. Canon Kingsley's verses are as invariable companions of March, April, May, and June, as the blight and the East wind themselves. To refer to them is to fulfil the whole duty of a picturesque scribbler. The result is that the younger generation of scribblers has not even read the lines, such as they are. They are received from newspaper tradition, and the tradition has now taken this preposterous shape. Kingsley, we are told, wrote the verses to the "glorious North-easter," and "another than Kingsley panegyrised the North-easter which bred hard Englishmen." When phrases have thus been mangled and defaced by writers who have never read anything but newspaper articles, and have read them wrong, it is surely time that a new set of catchwords should be borrowed or invented. But the trade-union rules of the Press are opposed to anything so boldly original.

The recurrence at regular intervals of certain absolutely uninteresting dates is the cause of much of this stereotyped writing. Christmas, New Year, Easter, Whitsuntide, the Boat-race, the Derby-day, the Twelfth, the First of September hurry fast on each other's heels. The theory is that the public wishes for appropriate literature. Now if there are thirty fixed occasions of this sort in each year, a newspaper writer of, say, ten years' standing must often find that the character of his toil grows monotonous. This is probably one reason why phrases are repeated and repeated, caught up, and bandied about, till the process of scribbling becomes merely mechanical. If ever there were writers whose business it was to be bright and varied, they are the writers who appeal to the public from day to day. Yet so indolent is human nature that *Punch's* descriptive report of the Boat-race was a very fair specimen of that class of production. The self-sacrifice of men who train, the inability of the foreigner to see the fun of training, the playing fields at Eton, the Duke of Wellington, Englishmen not knowing when they are beaten, Englishmen carrying their games everywhere, games not necessarily opposed to study, the East wind, Mr. Kingsley, and so on for ever.

Of late years there has been a certain improvement, a certain diminution of effrontery. Certain tags which had become as tedious as the encounter with the Alderman described by Lamb's friend have fallen into disuse. By the way, Lamb, and anecdotes about Lamb, are among the topics that might be judiciously shelved. It must be gratefully acknowledged that Macaulay's Maori has retired into the bush. Varus and his legions have been put on half-pay; and, after the disaster at Isandula, we did not notice more than thirty-four allusions to the unfortunate Roman general. It is not, perhaps, quite impossible that this reticence was due to the fact that many writers had not even heard of

Varus. The coffin of the Arabian impostor is now allowed to swing, without any demonstration of public interest, in its usual place. Few people refer to Mrs. Jellaby. Even sporting writers are tired of Jupiter Pluvius. The fact that the Veddahs see nothing to laugh at seems no longer to be forced on the public notice. On the other hand, several descriptive words are as hard worked as ever. It is time that "grim" and "weird" should have a holiday, though the circumstances of the Zulu war doubtless tempt authors to give them another trial. The sunlight should cease in literature, as in life, to "glint," "shimmer," and "glimmer." The opening of the Grosvenor Gallery should not tempt men to employ "passionate," "sensual," "sweet," "precious," nor yet "morbidity," and "woebegone." There is really no amusement in making these criticisms over and over again. It is time to get out of grooves which are worn weak and thin, and to give up commonplaces that make life a weariness. Let writers read their Dickens and their Macaulay at first hand, and try to get something fresh out of these unfailing stores of knowledge and humour. Their idler and less well-read fellows will call them conceited pedants; but what is in a name?

WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

"**S**URTOUT point de zèle" is a maxim which ought carefully to be pondered by our political sisters. The Pythoneses of the female suffrage movement have been hitherto rather lucky in the advocates whom they have secured to plead their cause in Parliament. Decent society would have frowned upon the irreverent Bohemian who had dared to whisper a syllable of doubt as to Mr. Forsyth's constitutional orthodoxy; and if Mr. Jacob Bright could not offer equally unimpeachable testimonials, his solemnity made up the difference. Even in the dark days when they had to run the chances of Mr. Courtney's aggressive philosophy, an unexpected ally came to their succour in the sweetness and light which Sir Stafford Northcote shed over their abstract claims while attempting to justify an adverse vote by some feeble considerations of opportunism. Had Miss Becker and her colleagues been content with these gifts of fortune, they would now, with very little trouble of their own, have thrown upon their opponents the invidious task of proving that they had come before Parliament with an unreal and collusive plea, and that their modest demand for the enfranchisement of well-to-do spinsters and widows was worthless in their eyes except as a step towards the complete equality of the feminine half of humanity. Happily patience and forethought are no part of their statesmanlike attributes, and so the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage issued on the eve of the late debate, and with an obvious view of influencing members, "Opinions of Women on Women's Suffrage," being "desirous of meeting the objection sometimes put forward by those to whom this question was new, that political representation for women" (which either is a very blundering phrase for voting power, or else a very big cat let out of the transparent bag) "is only desired by women who have failed to find another field for their energies." The manifesto is accordingly made up of the opinions of about a hundred still living women, "written expressly for this purpose within the last few months," with a few quotations added from the speeches or writings of some eminent women no longer living. If there can be degrees in authenticity, this collection is, if possible, more than authoritative, prepared and launched as it is by the Society which is recognized as leading the movement, while the contributors have been selected for their representative character. It would really be an insult to the promoters of women's suffrage not to accept the collection as embodying their opinions, their whole opinions, and nothing but their opinions. The arguments which are offered claim our respect, not only for their own cogency, but from the alleged practical and intellectual ability of the ladies who offer them. This little green pamphlet is, in short, the quintessence of the virtue, patriotism, and genius of which the world stands self-deprived so long as it stupidly compels womanhood to remain unenfranchised.

It is plainly impossible for us to analyse the declarations of a hundred matchless Orindas. All that we can pretend to do is to quote the words of a few bright particular stars, whom we shall take in the order in which they occur in the pamphlet. According to the editorial classification of the contributors, the first part presents "Women in Official Positions," and precedence is given to "Members of School Boards." Mrs. Fenwick Miller, member of the London School Board, boldly knocks over the spinster and widow limitation in her assertion that "many women happily married, together with many thoughtful men, join in seeking this extension of the suffrage" for two reasons—the more startling one being that "laws regulating the existence of women where their daily life differs from that of man (as in the maternal relation, for instance) cannot be properly made, and questions specially affecting the female half of mankind cannot be wisely decided, without the opinion of the class to be affected being given, and without their knowledge of their own needs being admitted to counsel the legislators." We should pity the modest young gentleman canvassing a borough for the first time, and having to prove to the electors belonging to "the female half of mankind" that his opinions were sound upon the "maternal relation." Mrs. Fenwick Miller, while still Miss Florence Miller, came forward, as may be recollected, in

a letter to the newspapers, on behalf of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, when their peculiar opinions were bringing them into trouble; so the counsel to which the legislators might be subjected from Mrs. Miller would probably be of a very decided character. Another conspicuous member of the London School Board, Miss Helen Taylor, avers that "men's interests can never receive all the development of which they are susceptible until women share with men in all the tasks of life"—the professions of soldier, sailor, and navvy of course included. "Guardians of the poor" follow, and foremost among them stands the brave Mrs. S. A. Barnett, member of the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, who assures us that, "although pity is usually reserved for the oppressed, it is the oppressor who is most to be pitied, for the moral nature is more harmed by the act of oppression than by the endurance of it. It was the slave-owner and not the slave who suffered most from the institution of slavery. The women who agitate for the suffrage are now claiming the pity of the world because they are deprived of their rights. Might it not be that the men who refuse to others the right which they themselves possess are the more to be pitied?" Mrs. Barnett's sympathies are, if possible, even in excess of her action; for, while she will not literally "assert," she pretty clearly hints, with hardly masked approval, "that even if a few women should lose their womanliness by taking part in public life, it would be well sacrificed for the good which would accrue to the whole nation." Even the stern black-bearded kings let a few natural tears drop from their wolfish eyes at the sight of Iphigenia sacrificed; but that Spartan matron Mrs. Barnett would have nothing more sympathetic to say to the sister who had lost her womanliness to win a borough vote than that this usually much prized quality of their common sex had been "well sacrificed." To be sure, the emergency which claims this sacrifice of womanliness is tremendous; for, as the flower of Whitechapel Guardians winds up in a magnificent burst, "women are at present, politically, an outcast class."

"Women engaged in Literature and Art" supply the next heading, and among them Mrs. Arthur Arnold gives a striking illustration of her reading of the aphorism that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Her opinion is that under the form of taxes "women are defrauded of vast sums of money, frequently for objects of which they wholly disapprove. The Afghan war, for instance—how many women are opposed to it! Yet they must help to pay for it, and try to fancy they are living in a free country." It does not seem to have occurred to her that, if women are to be allowed to starve out the national policy by refusing to contribute to objects of which they personally disapprove, the denial of a similar liberty to men would be a tyranny so atrocious as to call for pity from Mrs. Barnett even more profound than that which we have just seen her offering. Mrs. Arnold forgets to tell us whether women are to have the same privileges in respect of protracting a war and of refusing terms of peace, which they ought to enjoy when the question turns on beginning hostilities. Dreary indeed is her political prospect, for "when both sexes are represented, then England may be called a free country, but not before." This is a matter of opinion; but when Mrs. Arnold comes to such assertions of fact as that "every educated woman with whom I am acquainted desires the Parliamentary suffrage," we should have been grateful for a little more particularity. We may at all events assume that Mrs. Arnold's acquaintance includes matrons, as well as spinsters and widows, so that in adopting this statement the Society repudiates the flimsy pretence which imposed upon Mr. Forsyth, of only seeking the suffrage for the latter classes. Mrs. Linnaeus Banks takes up a bold position, for she attributes the franchise as a "privilege and a right" to "responsible thinkers, whether masculine or feminine,"—a prospect of a Reform Bill some years or months ahead even of Mr. Gladstone's most fervid rhapsodies. Miss Alice Bewicke is positively terrific in the Cassandra-like dirge with which she warns the State of the danger to which it "exposes itself" by depriving women "of that direct mode of expression through the election of a representative which it is found expedient to throw open to men. In the blackened ruins of Paris may be read the handwriting on the wall, telling how women, degraded even as those of Paris are degraded, yet cannot sink past feeling their degradation and resentment against the society that inflicts it." To be sure the gentle lady qualifies the ghastly picture with a conventional "trust" that "Englishwomen would never be driven to a like desperation"; but we cannot pay one "engaged in literature and art," although the member of an "outcast class," the poor compliment of assuming that such magnificent diction means less than the words imply. No doubt Miss Bewicke's argumentative illustration would have gained somewhat in coherence if she had gone on to explain why the patriotic *pétroleuses* had not been placed in the enjoyment of the suffrage under that Commune for which in its last days they displayed such remarkable energy. Like Lite after Ate, Miss F. P. Cobbe transports us from blackened ruins to the more homely scene of birds' nests and greedy fledglings:—"The women who gratify these gentlemen" (those who do not believe in the extent of the demand for female suffrage) "by smilingly deprecating any such responsibilities are those who have dwelt since they were born in well-feathered nests, and have never needed to do anything but open their soft beaks for the choicest little grubs to be dropped into them. It is utterly absurd (and I am afraid the M.P.'s in question are quite aware they are talking nonsense) to argue from the contented squawks of a brood of these callow creatures that full-grown swallows and larks have no need of wings, and are always happiest

when their pinions are broken." Miss Cobbe, at all events, is candid in her classification of her sex. All who agree with her are full-grown swallows and larks, and all who disagree callow squawking creatures. Mrs. Notley is more charitable; and, if she feels degradation or resentment, she conceals her emotions under a contempt which compels her to brand the view from which she happens to differ as "an injustice as senseless as it is illogical."

The third category is of "Women following Scientific and Professional Careers," among whom Miss Isabella Clarke (pharmaceutical chemist), following up the postulate relative to the driver of fat cattle, lays down that "women must be represented directly, as men are, to obtain direct justice." The fourth class is of "Women engaged in promoting the Higher Education or the Technical Education and Employment of Women," headed by Mme. Belloc—formerly well known as Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes—who leads off with a courageous proclamation of the omnipotence of universal suffrage, both masculine and feminine. "I think that in a time and country wherein the power of the vote is supreme, that power should be increasingly diffused. The will of the majority has a tendency to become all-powerful; and therefore that majority should be composed of every diverse element, or injustice in a thousand subtle forms will result. It is on this ground that I think women should ask for and obtain the suffrage." After this heroic declaration of the supreme all-powerful will of the majority, the gentle plea immediately following from Lady Bowring for "women ratepayers like myself" sounds like the rubbing on the door-step of Mrs. Partington's mop. Miss Corlett follows as the advocate of the Parliamentary franchise for "working women." Mrs. Crawshaw declares that "the degradation of women will never cease until means of earning an honest livelihood are afforded to that large majority which cannot achieve marriage; to this end women must have a voice in modifying laws which impede their doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wage; and this will never be until the franchise is granted to women on the same conditions as those on which it is granted to men." Our readers will duly appreciate the blessings involved in this forecast of the social and commercial condition of the country in the good time coming, when the woman's suffrage party shall have carried their crotchet, and dreamers such as Mrs. Crawshaw have set up the communism of the Trade-Unions dashed with the sentimentalism of feminine un-logic.

The last class is of "Women engaged in Philanthropic Work," with a sub-head of "Women engaged in promoting Temperance," where we notice the naive conviction with which Mrs. Dawson Burns works up again the threadbare fallacy that because his vote may not keep a man sober, therefore a woman who refrains from drink should be entitled to the franchise. We pass over the quotations from the writings of a few well-known ladies no longer living. They are, at all events, not responsible for the company in which they find themselves.

This pamphlet without doubt represents the present attitude of the question as it shows itself to those who are actively pushing it. The positions which it takes up have, by the form and the time of publication, been most emphatically recognized and recommended by the highest existing authority, that of the Society which is accepted on every side as representing and controlling the movement. The quotations we have made from this authoritative publication demonstrate that the concession of the suffrage to female ratepayers, not as women, but as payers of rates, and the exclusion of married women, due to some still lingering regard for old-fashioned ideas of decorum, are not only inconsistent with, but in direct opposition to, the demands put forward with the endorsement of the Society by the bold thinkers and plain speakers under whose womanly attire beats the politician's heart. More moderate doctrine is no doubt advanced by some contributors; but, responsible as the Society makes itself for the whole publication, its full and ultimate policy resides in the assertions of the most advanced writers. Their claim, as framed by themselves, is for an extension of the suffrage advancing *pari passu* down both sexes until it reaches its only possible end in the enfranchisement of the absolute entirety of the human race. But, if there is any logic or coherence in this demand, it cannot even stop at the enfranchisement for voting purposes of the human creation; for the reasons, or whatever may stand for reasons, in the respective declarations involve the expediency and the right of women to sit as representatives no less than to vote as electors. The studied contempt with which all considerations of the indirect influence now confessedly possessed by women are put aside, and the dogged persistence with which the antagonism of interests between mankind and womankind is insisted on, negative the possibility of female politicians, such as those whom Miss Becker's Society has adopted as their mouthpieces, resting content with the results of female suffrage, however extensively it may be exercised, if it is strained through the deteriorating medium of male representation. Some of the women who are foremost in their demands already know what it is to sit as representatives through their own election to School Boards, and with this precedent set by what we must conventionally term the wisdom of Parliament, he will be a very unreflecting optimist who can flatter himself that the partisan of female voters would not soon find himself capped by the champion of female members.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE.

AMIDST the monuments of learning connected with English archaeology Dugdale's *Monasticon* stands, like Stonehenge among cromlechs, in colossal and almost solitary grandeur. It is true we are thinking of the later form of that huge accumulation of records, and do not forget that when the work first appeared its dimensions were far inferior to those which it assumed under the hands of the Oxford editors. But *qui facit per alium facit per se*, and these editors, with equal modesty and justice, have retained the name of the seventeenth-century compiler as representative of the enlarged book. Although so many antiquaries have entered into the labours of Dugdale, we might in vain search through the collective volumes of the various literary reviews and magazines, whether quarterly or monthly, and we believe we might add archaeological journals, without finding an article dealing adequately with his biography. Hallam seems to have reckoned Dugdale's learned tomes among the "books that are no books"; for, though in his *History of Literature* he confessedly deals with the writers of the seventeenth century, the name of Dugdale does not once appear in the copious index to his four volumes. There is a quarto volume of the *Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir William Dugdale*, by William Hamper, F.S.A., which is a work of unsparing research on its subject; but, though a "Life," it is not lively. The style of what the author in his preface calls his "Dugdalean edifice" is curiously antiquated, and if the "edifice" did not bear the date M.DCCC.XXVII. on the front, it might be taken to be contemporary with Dugdale himself. Little is known of the ancestry of the author of the *Monasticon*. Dugdale was too much occupied in tracing the genealogies of others to find time to work out his own; but it is recorded that he was the only son of John Dugdale, of Shustoke, near Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, where he was born, September 12, 1605, his mother being the daughter of Arthur Swynfen, Esq., of Stafford. About the time of his birth a swarm of bees alighted in the home garden, which incident was in after years reported by the antiquary himself to William Lilly the astrologer, who informed him that the busy insects presaged that the infant would prove a prodigy of industry. As the fruits of Dugdale's labours had already for the most part been made public, Lilly's divination need not be thought to add much to the evidences on behalf of occult science. Neither of the Universities can claim to have taught him Latin, but he was granted a degree at Oxford in 1642 while staying there with the royal troops. After his removal, about his fifteenth year, from the Free Grammar School at Coventry, his education was continued under the care of his father, who had graduated at Oxford. At less than seventeen years old he was married to Margery, daughter of John Huntbach, gentleman, of Seawall, Staffordshire, in whose house he resided until his father's death in 1624, when he took up his abode at the family estate called Hollow Oak House, near Astley. This mansion he afterwards sold, and then settled at Blythe Hall, in Warwickshire, where he composed most of his books, particularly his famous work on that county, the original materials of which perished in the fire that destroyed the Shakspeare Library at Birmingham. We are tempted to agree with Thomas Pecke, one of Dugdale's correspondents, that Warwick is far more indebted to its historian's indefatigable pen than to "Guy's fictitious sword." To Sir Henry Spelman antiquarianism is even more indebted than for the books which bear his name. It was by that eminent scholar's recommendation to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, then Earl Marshal of England, that Dugdale obtained office in the College of Arms. A not less important consequence of his friendship was that it brought our antiquary into co-operation with Roger Dodsworth, of Yorkshire, who had already collected numerous documentary memorials of the Northern monasteries, the result of the united labours of the two investigators being the first volume of the *Monasticon*. The thunder-cloud of rebellion was at that time gathering fast, and it was shrewdly foreseen by at least one observer of the signs of the times, Sir Christopher Hatton, that the storm would be likely to burst in special fury on the fabrics of churches and on the so-called superstitious monuments of the dead. It was by that worthy knight's encouragement that Dugdale instructed (A.D. 1641) one William Sedgwick, a skilful heraldist, to take copies of all the epitaphs and armorial bearings, whether incised in stone or emblazoned in window-panes, in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and afterwards in the cathedral, collegiate, and parish churches of the country. Dugdale of course made free use of Sedgwick's copies, the original draughts of which are still, we believe, among the Hatton papers (MS. Ashm. 7501).

Our antiquary's life during the Civil War was not one of cloistral inactivity. As Rouge Croix he was commanded by the king to repair to the castles of Banbury and Warwick, which fortresses were held by Lord Brooke and his adherents, and formally require the garrisons to lay down their arms and return home; or on their refusal to submit to proclaim them traitors. Banbury, surprised by the blaring trumpets and martial figure of the summoner in his herald's coat, at once yielded; but Sir Edward Peto, who held the castle of Warwick for the Parliament, was less dismayed, and suffered himself to be proclaimed traitor at the castle gate. Dugdale, a few months later, records in his Diary with no expression of regret (March 2, 1643), that the Lord Brooke was killed in assaulting the cathedral church of Litchfield, "a fate which frustrated that noble commander's hope "to see with his own eyes the King and the Church pulled down." The utterance of this loyal and saintly

desire is given in the same Diary on the authority of Dr. Calamy, and is in keeping with Dugdale's citation from Prynne, who says that Lord Brooke, when sailing on the Thames in company with three other lords, expressed a hope on passing St. Paul's "that one of them should live to see no one stone left upon another" of that honourable building. This forcible language, we may add, is so discordant with the view given in the *Areopagitica* of the same noble person, whose disposition was so "full of meekness" and "charity," so "mild and peaceful," and so "exhortative to hear with patience and humility" those in "some discomformity to ourselves" and "to tolerate them," that only the lying spirit of history can account for the different representations. However the truth may be, many a lover of Lichfield's "lofty pile" has echoed the words of Marmion:—

Thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.

It was at Dugdale's instance (July 18, 1660) that Dr. Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, undertook the restoration of St. Chad's Cathedral. The former proposed that the prebendaries and others of the Chapter should devote one half of the profits of their office towards the repair of the structure, and so afford an example for the wealthy laity to join in the good work; a method which succeeded.

Dugdale's Diary is not a remarkably rich mine for the historian of the period; but it contains many anecdotes and facts gathered from personal observation, as well as an account of transactions which the author had the opportunity of ascertaining from his official position. It begins in 1643, when he was in attendance on Charles I. at Oxford—where he remained until the surrender of that city to the Parliament, immediately upon which event he went to London and compounded for his sequestered estate—and concludes a week before his death. When Darius offered to divide Asia with Alexander, the great Macedonian replied that the earth could not bear two suns nor Asia two kings. It seems that, according to the present Diary, England had to endure both these dualities. At so phenomenal a period, indeed, as the contemporary existence of two head rulers of the realm, the appearance of two rulers of the day might excite less astonishment than at ordinary times. Accordingly Dugdale mentions without surprise that, December 14, 1647, "Two suns appeared this day about xi. of y^e clocke." As the season was winter, perhaps less inconvenience was felt. Among incidents said to be omitted by other chroniclers, but here noticed, is the brutality of the executioner of Charles I. in taking up the head of the Royal victim and throwing it upon the ground so roughly as to bruise the face. To the same Diary we owe the information (1653) that Shakspeare's and John Combe's monuments at Stratford-upon-Avon Church were carved by one Gerard Johnson, who was a Hollander living in London. Elsewhere he gives more minute particulars (cited by Hamper) of the same "tombe-maker." Touching the question of the destruction of the old Chapter-house of St. Paul's, Dugdale's Diary affords some apt information, and shows that, as the present Chapter-house is proved by a laborious correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (5th ser. No. 259) not to have been built till 1712, the story told by the anonymous biographer of the Whig Samuel Johnson, chaplain to Lord William Russell in the reign of James II., and repeated by Lingard, as to the place of the degradation of that divine from the order of the priesthood, must be erroneous, unless, indeed, there was a temporary Chapter-house erected between 1666 and 1712. Dugdale says, April 6, 1657:—"The North part of Paul's churchyard, being newly paved with the ruins of the Chapter House and Cloister which stood on the North side of the said church, and were pulled down for that purpose for the making of a market place, the 6th of August was the first day that the Herbe women removed their standings thither out of Cheapside." Whether the greatest frost ever known, as Dugdale declares, was that of the winter of 1683-84 may be a subject for inquiry, but it endured, says his Diary, "with most extreme cold" from the beginning of December to February 6th, "which so froze the river of Thames that coaches went upon it commonly as in the streets of London." The frost of 1716, when a fair was held on the same river, is at least more famous.

The first volume of the *Monasticon*, written entirely in Latin, appeared in 1655 with the joint names on the title-page of Roger Dodsworth of York and William Dugdale of Warwickshire. The booksellers refused the responsibility of the adventure, and therefore the two editors borrowed funds towards the publication of the work, which was printed by Richard Hodgkinsonne of London. Dodsworth died in 1654, before a tenth of the impression was worked, and, though he had hitherto been the chief collector, the stress of the undertaking fell afterwards upon his coadjutor. The latter claims to have collected a full third part of the documents contained in the volume, having spent, he says, four months among the Tower records, besides gathering from Sir Thomas Cotton's library and a multitude of other sources. It can hardly be supposed that in the hot Puritan atmosphere of the time the publication of the work would be viewed by all the separatists in the light of a purely literary enterprise. A design to recall the monks and to re-establish the four orders of friars was openly imputed to the learned editors and their abettors, while it was declared that the resuscitation of the foundation charters of the religious houses was preparatory to an attempt to restore the monasteries and to re-endow them with their confiscated estates. The chief promoter of the *Monasticon*, however, was Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, whose Protestantism was un-

sullied by suspicion. He allowed Dodsworth 40*l.* a year for life to aid him in his researches, and it was through the influence of Mr. Rushworth, Fairfax's secretary, that Dodsworth and Dugdale obtained free access to the Tower, without payment of fees, to make transcripts of documents. The publication of the second volume was deferred for five years, not only, as it was said, to punish an ungrateful world for its cold reception of the first, but in order to obtain means for the furtherance of the work by the sale of what had been already published. By an entry in his Diary on July 18, 1671, it appears that Dugdale was to receive from John Marty, bookseller, 50*l.* and twenty copies for the copyright of the third volume, then about to be printed. We cannot here dwell upon the contents of the *Monasticon*, which may well furnish a subject for distinct consideration. We can agree with Dr. John Lightfoot, who, in acknowledging a presentation copy, assured the editor that, in recovering "these dying monuments out of dust and oblivion," he had "erected a never-dying one to himself." Fortunate is the owner of a tall copy of the eight-volume edition of Caley, Ellis, and Bandinel, published in 1846, which, in its splendour of paper, typography, and pictorial embellishment, adds as much character to a private library as a cathedral does to a town.

The value of Dugdale's *History of Old St. Paul's* has been found after many days. In the author's time Gothic design was as little understood as Runic monuments, but Hollar's bold and shadowy illustrations are rendered with sufficient realism to show the succession of styles from Anglo-Norman to seventeenth-century classic. Mr. Ferrey's drawings of the ancient fabric are derived from a study of the engravings in Dugdale, and have been reproduced in Mr. Longman's *Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul*. By means of the original and derived works we may judge between the present domed structure and the preceding minster with its majestic spire, which exceeded the height of Salisbury by fifty feet. Glancing through the old cathedral, between the noble lines of storied windows, triforium arcades, and massive columns and arches all stretching out to the distant western end, with its grand rose window, we can scarcely allow that even the glory of "the latter house," with its miniature firmament, is greater than the glory of the former temple.

Genealogists have been too much in the habit of citing Dugdale's authority as conclusive on questions of pedigree. But his *Baronage* is a book with which to begin rather than to end research. Its great value consists as an indication of sources, but the references require verification. The author's anticipation that gratitude would not be the sole feeling with which his work would be always received was realized. He somewhat feelingly remarks in his preface that he is sure there are not many who can well judge "with what difficulty, length of time and expence, the materials for this work have been got together." "And yet I must expect," he continues, "no less than the censure of some who would have it thought that they know much, if they do hit upon anything that I have not seen; and perhaps will tax me with negligence or worse for omitting it, though it be as unlikely that I should have cognisance thereof, as 'tis to know what money another man hath in his pocket." An anonymous volume entitled *A Small Specimen of the many Mistakes in Sir W. Dugdale's Baronage*, which appeared in 1730, is likewise no "small specimen" of critical insolence. "That he [Dugdale] had more regard to his profit than his honour"; that his "way was to rake up together all he could find, indiscriminately, true or false, and what he found in his notes down it went, without troubling his head whether it would inform or puzzle his readers," is an accusation that only injures the accuser. How useful the work has proved may be seen by a comparison with Burke's *Extinct Peerages*, which is an epitome of the *Baronage*. And here we might moralize with Dugdale upon the dissolving drama of earthly greatness. Of two hundred and seventy families in the first volume, there will be found, says the author, "only eight who do at this day continue; nor above twenty-four who by any younger male branches descended from them, for aught I can discover."

The History of "Imbanking and Drayning of Divers Fens and Marshes" (1662) was undertaken at the instance of Lord Gorges and other principal adventurers in draining the Great Level of Cambridgeshire. This mighty piece of engineering was an operation upon 2,000 square miles of impassable mere haunted by fish and wild fowl and thick clouds of starlings. The work of bringing the confluent waters into artificial channels was originally undertaken by British serfs at the will of their Roman masters; it was voluntarily recommenced by the mediæval monks, who claim to have changed the Stygian lake about their monasteries into an Elysian field; it was once more begun (1629) by Francis Earl of Bedford, who succeeded to the fenland formerly belonging to Thorney Abbey; was stopped by Oliver Cromwell, and at last completed by William Earl of Bedford, son of Francis, in 1652, on which a public thanksgiving took place in Ely Cathedral, when Hugh Peters, Cromwell's famous chaplain, preached a sermon. With due regard to exhaustive treatment, Dugdale begins his subject before the Deluge, and proves from Scripture that the work of drainage was of divine institution. In the beginning God said, "Let the waters be gathered together and the dry land appear, and it was so." The drainage system consequent upon the Deluge is, of course, an illustrious instance in his account. The reader then finds himself immersed in the overflowings of the Nile and of the Euphrates; and, after wading through a wonderful swamp of learning on the subject connected with every country except the English fenlands,

is at last brought to these. He was assisted in the preparation of the work by his friend Dr. Thomas Brown of Norwich, whose services he reciprocated by furnishing an account of some sepulchral urns discovered in the fens. The letter describing these urns is dated the same year as the publication of the *Hydriotaphia*, and may have been instrumental towards the production of that solemn treatise whose weighty thoughts make the dry bones and ashes live.

On May 23, 1677, Dugdale was knighted by the King at Whitehall, and shortly after, in the red room of the same building, at a grand chapter of the assembled knights, he took his oath as Garter Principal King of Arms. He died February 10, 1686. Few more sincere devotees of mediæval learning than Dugdale have appeared, and fewer still who have given more abundant results of their industry. "What Dugdale hath done," says Wood, "is prodigious. His memory ought to be venerated, and had in everlasting remembrance."

LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.

THE proprietors of the London music-halls have been overtaken by the desire of virtue. They are apparently wearied of their wild oats; but they have not the vigour or persistence of character which would enable them to enter of their own accord upon a better course of life. In their season of self-abasement they turn with supplicating voice to plead for the intervention of the Lord Chamberlain, who, it is hoped, may be able to do for them what they have failed to do for themselves. There is something at once pathetic and grotesque in the helpless repentance of these enterprising gentlemen. They have for so long been associated with what is vulgar and indecent that they now require the powerful machinery of an Act of Parliament to extricate them from their miserable position. The somewhat capricious rule of the Middlesex magistrates has proved too mild even for those whom it affects to control, and, tired of the license they have enjoyed, the managers of these entertainments now sigh for the stricter guidance that is afforded to the theatres. It may be questioned whether the worthy gentlemen who adorn the Middlesex Bench have ever received such a severe reproof as is implied in the petition of the music-hall proprietors. They have often striven, and sometimes with signal success, to render their proceedings ridiculous; but their happiest efforts in this direction have fallen far short, both in candour and completeness, of the evidence of their incapacity that is now offered from another source. When the criminal begs to have his sentence increased, it may be fairly assumed that there is something wrong with the judge. He may still be credited with many amiable qualities, admirable enough in private life, but he can scarcely be regarded any longer as a fit and proper person to administer the law in the interests of the public. Our present concern, however, is not so much with the Middlesex magistrates as with the particular class of men whom they have tried and failed to govern. Although there may be no immediate prospect of our music-halls becoming elevating schools of art, it is obviously necessary in the cause of public decorum that their entertainments should be kept within the limits of decency. That these limits have not been consistently observed has long been matter of notoriety, but they must indeed have been flagrantly overstepped when the music-hall proprietors themselves plead to be restrained in their wild career of indecent buffoonery.

This urgent demand of the music-halls to be placed under restraint has been the subject of some animated correspondence in the columns of the *Era*. There is, it must be confessed, a singular unanimity among the guilty persons as to the depth of their guilt; but the contrite feeling is accompanied by some little difference of opinion as to the proposed mode of reform. Some of the music-hall proprietors appear to be by nature so modest that they despair even of the powers of a censor to recall them to the paths of virtue. It is not that they themselves are incorrigibly vicious; on the contrary, if we are to judge only by their present attitude, the most cherished desire of their hearts is to be brought back to a sense of decency. Their misgivings as to the success of the experiment are rather dependent upon an intimate knowledge of the "ladies" and "gentlemen" they are accustomed to employ. According to the picture that is now offered for our examination, the music-hall proprietor is a person of uncommon refinement and delicacy of feeling, who is shocked by the slightest departure from the laws of good taste. He longs to provide his patrons with an entertainment of an ennobling kind, but he is continually thwarted in his good intentions by the incurable coarseness of the comic singer. To control this indecorous personage the efforts of the music-hall manager are as powerless as those of the Middlesex magistrates. In spite of their combined efforts in the cause of morality, he will still insist upon introducing some suggestion of indecency into his performance, until at last the heartbroken manager is compelled to appeal to the Home Secretary for protection from the intolerable behaviour of his own servants. We trust, indeed, that the new censor, whoever he may be, will be strong enough to curb the high spirit of this impetuous genius; but in the meantime it is deplorable to think of the mental anguish which the music-hall proprietor must have endured in being compelled nightly to listen to songs which he had laboured in vain to suppress. The "Lion Comique," as he is affectionately styled by his admirers, must indeed be a person of formidable powers if he can earn his living by thus per-

sistently outraging the taste of his employers. It is commonly supposed that the weight of obligation lies the other way, and that talent of all kinds is forced to control its expression by reference to the requirements of the capitalist. But here, at last, we have an instance of genius absolutely free and unfettered. The "Lion Comique," it would seem, enjoys a liberty and independence which his fellows in the higher walks of art strive in vain to acquire. Though he labours in the service of men who, according to their own account, are actuated by the purest and loftiest motives, he can still extract from them considerable sums of money by way of payment for what is grossly indecent. This confession of impotence on the part of the music-hall proprietor reveals a state of things which suggests an inquiry that he himself has not seen fit to raise. Granting what is implied by the present petition—that the Middlesex magistrates are not a fit body to control these entertainments—it still remains a question as to whether the typical proprietor of the music-hall is himself capable of discharging the duties assigned to him. The only vigorous mind appears to be that of the "talented" performer, who has at least succeeded in doing what he chooses; but, now that we are asked to change the censorship of his proceedings, it may be worth while to consider whether the revolution might with advantage be more radical and complete. There appears, however, to be some ground for the belief that the proprietors of music-halls did not intend their pathetic appeal to be taken so seriously. For reasons which are not quite obvious, they are very anxious to have their entertainments transferred from the jurisdiction of the Middlesex Bench, and in the pursuit of this object they are even willing to admit their own incompetence to govern the entertainments provided in their name. But, if we are to judge from a portion of the correspondence to which reference has already been made, this admission must be accepted with reserve. A gentleman who dates from a music-hall in the provinces even goes so far as to cast a doubt upon the ingenious statements of the petition. The proprietors, he observes, have "suddenly discovered a fact of which every one else has been perfectly aware." It is, he declares, notorious that performers have constantly used the platforms of these interesting establishments "as channels whereby they could disseminate a vast amount of indelicacy and suggestiveness in word or action which no man or woman with any great amount of respect for his or herself could witness without protest." So far this correspondent only repeats what the proprietors have themselves declared; but he goes on to denounce the present plea for the aid of the State as being utterly useless and unnecessary. The music-hall proprietors have, in his opinion, the remedy in their own hands; and, if they have refrained from using it, it is simply out of fear lest they should thereby lessen the profits to be derived from their establishments. They were quite content, he tells us, to tolerate these grossly indecent elements of their entertainment so long as public attention was not directed to their existence; but now, when there seems some prospect that even the magistrates will be forced to take measures in the matter, they are anxious to shift the blame on to the shoulders of those who have been paid to do the very thing that is complained of. The opinions we have quoted proceed, it must be said, from one who is himself a professional performer at music-halls, and his judgment is that no first-rate engagement can be secured at any of the London music-halls unless the singer or "comique" is prepared to introduce some sort of objectionable vulgarity into his performance.

These mutual recriminations between the music-hall singer and his employer are not, it is true, of any interest to the public, but the condition of things to which they point calls for serious consideration. Wherever the responsibility may lie, there can at any rate be no doubt as to the existence of a very grave public scandal, and the petition which has been forwarded to the Home Secretary may at least serve to remind the Government that it is now high time that some step should be taken in the matter. The defect of all our attempts to deal with such matters has hitherto been that we have sought to deal with such places of amusement rather by means of repression than control. Repression may doubtless be usefully employed in such cases as that of the Argyll Rooms, where, after years of licensed debauchery, the magistrates at last bethought them of the simple device of refusing to renew the licence; but it is idle to suppose that by any action of this kind it will be possible to put an end to the kind of entertainment comprehended under the title of music-halls. Nor is there any reason why they should be suppressed. The existence of a demand for popular musical entertainments is in itself the strongest argument in their favour. There may be no immediate prospect of these places becoming the vehicles for the diffusion of a sound musical taste; but they can at least be so regulated as to be ready to respond to a more enlightened feeling for art when it has been acquired by other means. We would, for this reason, deprecate any attempt to meet the present scandal by inciting the Middlesex magistrates to withdraw their countenance from music-halls altogether. It is true that the licences they have granted are grossly abused; but it by no means follows that music-halls are therefore to be abolished altogether. What is wanted in the present emergency is that there should be a regular and methodical supervision of all such places of amusement. The magistrates, however severe they may choose to be when the occasion offers, are obviously unfit to discharge this duty, and it is time to consider whether the control of places of public entertainment should not be vested in other hands. Whether the music-hall proprietors are right in thinking that they ought to be placed under the control of the Lord Chamber-

lain's Office may perhaps be open to question. The Lord Chamberlain's authority has not worked so perfectly in regard to theatrical performances as to render its extension matter for loud congratulation. Nor is it easy to perceive how such an officer as the Examiner of Plays could really exercise any effectual supervision over the songs and antics of comic performers at music-halls. The vulgarity and indecency which they display need not of necessity be revealed in the written words which would be submitted for the judgment of a censor. They are more often added by the performer on his own behalf, and the control that is needed is, therefore, rather in the nature of strict police supervision than acute literary judgment. But, if the Examiner of Plays might fail, it is obvious that the magistrates could in no case be successful. To refuse a licence as the reward of a year's uncontrolled vulgarity is but a poor atonement for the outrage on public taste that has in the meantime been permitted. It may act as a punishment on the individual, but it can scarcely sufficiently protect the interests of the class most nearly affected.

THE MEANING OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S APPOINTMENT.

DR. NEWMAN had hardly set forth for Rome to receive his hat, when an amusing controversy was started in the *Daily News*, under the novel heading of "Cardinal Newman as a politician," about the real motives of Leo XIII. in investing him with the purple. We call it amusing on account of the ingenious grotesqueness of the theory propounded by Mr. Nevins, who opened the correspondence with a long letter to the *Daily News* of Tuesday last, designed to prove that the Pope has raised Dr. Newman to the purple as "a sop to the Tory English Catholic party," and consequently as a snub to "the Liberal tendencies of Cardinal Manning." It is difficult to read without a smile what the writer considers to be a "useful explanation" of a fact which has seemed to most persons not to need much explaining, while it has been almost universally received as a graceful and satisfactory confirmation of the Liberal tendencies of the present Pope. We have more than once ourselves had occasion to put this view of the matter before our readers, who will learn with some surprise from Mr. Nevins that the correct interpretation of the procedure is precisely the reverse. It is true indeed, as he observes, that the promotion of Dr. Newman was solicited by the Duke of Norfolk who has joined the Conservative party, ostensibly supported, as he does not add, by Cardinal Manning, who—if we may say it without offence—can hardly be in any intelligible sense called a Liberal. But it is equally well known that the step had been in contemplation ever since Leo XIII. came to the throne, that he has carried it out in spite of the open or secret opposition of many Italian members of the Sacred College who are less liberal-minded than their new colleague, and that, if a little gentle pressure was brought to bear upon him at the last moment, it was perfectly understood that His Holiness would be only too glad of a plausible pretext for doing without further delay what he had all along intended. There is no reason to question the sincere desire, at least of the Duke of Norfolk, who has always retained a warm admiration and respect for his old preceptor at Birmingham, that his petition should be granted; but it is notorious that his opinions—which are strongly Ultramontane—are not much in harmony with those of the new English Cardinal. And we should have thought that Mr. Nevins would have too much native sense of humour—we gather from the tone of his letter that he glories in his Irish nationality—to suggest in sober earnest a concurrence in political Toryism as the Duke's ground for making the request and the Pope's for granting it. Certainly "it is high time Dr. Newman should be remembered as a politician," if he is ever to be so remembered at all. He has lived now some seventy-eight years in the world, and as Mr. Arthur Arnold justly observes in the *Daily News*, in reply to Mr. Nevins, he has never yet published a line upon politics. In fact we cannot help being haunted by a suspicion that Mr. Nevins was not quite in earnest, and that after all his ingenious paradox is put forth as a kind of *tour de force* after the manner of the *Historic Doubts*. However he does not content himself with arguing from the Conservatism of the Duke of Norfolk. He also appeals to the Pope's words—to which we shall return presently—and to Dr. Newman's own writings in proof of his continuous and "utter detestation of Liberalism," citing for this purpose a passage from the *Apologia*. The most moderate acquaintance with the work he was quoting, to say nothing of the author's other voluminous writings, might have saved him from so strange a misconception. Dr. Newman certainly says that "the Liberals drove him from Oxford," and that "the success of the Liberal cause fretted him." But he was careful to explain at the time what he meant by Liberalism, and he has explained it still more fully since, in consequence of criticisms made on his original statement, in the Notes added to the later editions of the book from which Mr. Nevins was apparently making his extracts. In a second letter Mr. Nevins produces another passage from the *Apologia* about "Toryism" and "Liberalism," where it is equally clear that the words are used in reference to purely religious matters or the purely religious aspect of certain political questions—as e.g. about education—which cut across ordinary party divisions.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that Dr. Newman had

ever mixed himself up with the political controversies of the day, except so far as they might have incidentally had an ecclesiastical character, as in the case referred to in the *Apologia* of the suppression of the Irish Sees in 1833. So far as he has expressed any opinion on current politics, it has, if our memory serves us, been rather on the Liberal than the Conservative side; nor has he ever, as Mr. Nevins implies, committed himself to the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. But in truth it appears almost incredible that any one at all acquainted with his career and writings should fall into so fundamental a mistake. We will confine ourselves here to the work cited in support of it. The italics are our own. "When I was young," says the author, "I knew the word (Liberalism) as giving name to a periodical set up by Lord Byron and others. Now, as then, I have no sympathy with the philosophy of Byron. Afterwards Liberalism was the badge of a theological school. . . . At present it is nothing else than that deep, plausible scepticism of which I spoke above." It is plain, therefore, that the Liberalism so strenuously repudiated is not a political party or system, but a religious, or irreligious phase of thought. This passage occurs, with many more like it, in the original text of the *Apologia*, but the long Note on "Liberalism" appended to all the later editions is designed to guard still further against any possibility of mistake. "Liberty of thought," we are expressly reminded, "is in itself a good, but it gives an opening to false liberty. Now by Liberalism I mean false liberty of thought. . . . Liberalism then is the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the Divine Word." Here then is a definition of Liberalism, the sense of which is quite unmistakable, but which has not the remotest bearing on any point in controversy, now or formerly, between rival parties in the British Legislature, and which Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright might, and very likely would, subscribe quite as heartily as the extremest of their political opponents. And at the close of this same Note Dr. Newman proceeds to give eighteen detailed illustrations of the kind of propositions he abjured as Liberal, of which sixteen are distinctly theological, moral, or ecclesiastical, while the only two which can be considered political refer to the first principles of civil government, and would have no practical bearing on political parties and disputes of our own age. There is then nothing whatever in Dr. Newman's avowed opinions to show, or even faintly to suggest, that "it is not only probable but almost certain that the proffered hat is a sop to the Tory English Catholic party." It might even be said that the contrary is more than "almost certain," and that such a suggestion is little short of an insult, however unintended, both to the Pope and Dr. Newman. But the writer appeals, as we have seen, not only to Dr. Newman's writings, which sufficiently confute his view, but also to the Pope's words, addressed to Cardinals Manning and Howard, which however assign a wholly different reason for the step he has taken. "In conferring the purple on Dr. Newman," his Holiness is reported to have said, "I wish to honour his great virtues and learning, to do an act pleasing to the Catholics of England, and to England, which I so much esteem." Everything in the professions and conduct of the present Pope since his accession would have led us to put this—which is at once the most natural and to all parties concerned the most honourable—construction on the elevation of Dr. Newman, even if his Holiness had not himself thought fit to put his meaning into words. And it is unquestionably in this sense that both "England," and "the Catholics of England" have understood and welcomed what all felt to be a distinction most suitable in itself, and befitting alike the high character of both giver and receiver. To discover in it a meaning so wholly fanciful, which there is absolutely nothing in the antecedents of either Pope or Cardinal to suggest, and which would rob it of all its grace, and reduce it to something very like a piece of studied and gratuitous impertinence, is a feat which for boldness, though scarcely for dexterity, reminds one of Father Hardouin's ingenious theory of the origin of the Greek and Latin classics.

To be sure Mr. Nevins has one more argument in reserve, which is so far the key of his position that it probably inspired him, if he is not simply hoaxing his readers, with the strange notion he has broached. "Toryism," he complains, "is at present the creed of nearly the whole body of English Roman Catholics," and his indignation at the supposed prevalence of political error among his co-religionists seems to have disturbed his perception of the most obvious facts which lay beneath his eyes. We need hardly say that the indictment is a fiction of his own imagination. "An English Catholic," who answered his letter next day, goes, we are afraid, too far in declaring that "three-fourths of the good old English Catholic families still are, as they always have been, sound Liberals." Half a century ago no doubt they were all of them Liberals, because it was from the Liberal party alone that they had any hope of gaining political emancipation; but there have been many "turncoats" besides the Duke of Norfolk since then, and we suspect there are a good many whose political sympathies are of a nature which can hardly be designated "sound," being mainly dependent on which party is likely for the moment to be most favourable to the particular religious ends they have in view. But if the estimate of "An English Catholic" is exaggerated, Mr. Nevins's statement is more than an exaggeration; it is developed out of his internal consciousness. In one respect the "English Catholic" concedes too much to him, for it is not at all true to say that nearly all the converts are Tories. Thus, e.g., the leading

ecclesiastic among them, for whatever reason, always chooses to pose as a Liberal politician, and Lord Ripon was a member of the last Liberal Cabinet, and has not changed his political in changing his religious creed. The simple fact is that Roman Catholics, like other Englishmen, are divided into opposite camps according to their individual or inherited convictions. If their religious sympathies or antipathies chance to be incidentally involved—as when the foreign policy of the Tories seemed likely to favour the Temporal Power, or to promote the humiliation of Eastern "schismatics"—there may be a temporary deflection towards that side; though it happens, by the by, that in both the cases just mentioned Dr. Newman's sympathies were supposed to be the other way, just as they naturally sided with the Liberals, as long as resistance to Catholic Emancipation was a fundamental article of the Tory creed. But such cases are exceptional. It has been said with approximate correctness that all men are born Liberals or Tories, just as all men are born Platonists or Aristotelians; and human nature is much the same in Roman Catholics as in other people.

Meanwhile it is most desirable that the true significance of Dr. Newman's cardinalate should not be misunderstood. It is improbable of course that at his advanced age he should have the opportunity of exercising any permanent influence on the councils of the Sacred College, even were he proposing, as he is not, to reside henceforth in Rome. But the fact of his elevation may not the less be expected to have a permanent influence on the future of his Church. It has been much the fashion for many years past for Ultramontane zealots to whisper under their breath, if they dared not openly assert, that he was "only half a Catholic," with much more to the same effect. When his return to his old University was proposed, and almost settled, some years ago, the scheme was defeated by an underground conspiracy of that party in England, who at the time had the ear of the Vatican, and their leading men—formerly pupils of his own—were known to have urged, though of course they did not say so in public, that "nothing could counterbalance the mischief of establishing a chair of false philosophy at Oxford." His school at Edgbaston was sneeringly stigmatized as "the School without the Sacraments." His name, as we pointed out the other day, was studiously omitted in a recent article of the *Dublin Review* from a list of distinguished contributors to English Catholic literature. At the time of the Vatican Council he was rebuked almost by name from the pulpit of the most fashionable Roman Catholic Church in London for his opposition to the infallibilist programme. Such facts as these, together with the whole of Dr. Newman's writings and reprints ranging over a period of above half a century, must have been before the mind of Leo XIII. when he determined to make him a Cardinal. And the fact of his being made a Cardinal will stop, as nothing else could have stopped, the mouths of his detractors both during his lifetime and afterwards. Considering the wide influence his writings have exerted, and are sure still to exert, within as well as without the Church of his birth and of his adoption—an influence which will by no means terminate with his life—this is a point of no small practical importance. That "Liberalism" in the best and truest sense of the word is not tabooed throughout the length and breadth of Roman Catholic Christendom, even after thirty years of Pius IX.'s pontificate, is due in considerable measure—so far as the English-speaking portion of it is concerned, in chief measure—to the dignified moderation and consistency of tone which Dr. Newman has pursued, sometimes under strong provocation to a different course. And the spirit and tendency of his writings—of the "false philosophy" of which Ultramontanes so bitterly complain—are likely to be increasingly influential after his visible presence is withdrawn. That nobody henceforth will be able, without prompt and easy refutation, to denounce that spirit as "anti-Catholic," "half-Catholic," "disloyal," and the like, is mainly due to the courage and justice of sentiment of the successor of Pius IX. And when we remember who it was that, less than ten years ago, denounced the chivalrous and devout Montalembert as "only half a Catholic," before he was yet cold in his grave, it is only fair to acknowledge the change, in an opposite direction to that imputed by Mr. Nevins, which has come since the last Conclave over the spirit of the Vatican.

THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Lyceum Theatre of the late Lord Lytton's play *The Lady of Lyons*; or, *Love and Pride* is from many points of view an event of much interest. The experiment was one which, before the event, was looked on as something more than doubtful; it was supposed that the public would no longer be captivated by what was regarded as a worn-out dramatic method; and it was thought that such skill as Miss Ellen Terry's and Mr. Irving's might be wasted on material unworthy of it. The event, however, has proved that Mr. Irving was right in his opinion that, despite its faults, *The Lady of Lyons* is an exceedingly good acting play. Its author wrote it in the desire to prove that he could master the requirements of dramatic construction, and, as far as construction alone goes, the piece might serve as a model to playwrights. The course of the story is perfectly clear and smooth; the action is never interrupted by irrelevant events or needless complications; and each act ends with an unforced and striking situation. As to the dialogue, it would be easy enough to hold it up to ridicule; but the fact remains that, underneath all the tinsel and bombast in which Lord Lytton delighted, there is a

certain feeling which, interpreted by first-rate players, appeals powerfully to the emotions of an audience.

The manner in which Mr. Irving has produced *The Lady of Lyons* has given fresh proof that it is not his desire to pose as a "star" actor, but rather to associate his name as a manager with that general harmony which till his taking the Lyceum was only to be found in London at two theatres devoted exclusively to comedy; and it is not his fault that some of his efforts in this direction have been less successful than might have been hoped. He has also by his performance of Claude Melnotte given new evidence of the versatility which he possesses, and for which he receives perhaps too little credit. A great deal is said, whenever Mr. Irving appears in a new part, about his mannerisms, and in what is said there is no doubt some justice. Attention has frequently been called in these columns to certain faults of elocution and action which Mr. Irving has. But in the common talk about mannerism there is, we fancy, less thought of this than of the fact that Mr. Irving is after all himself, and can be recognized without any great difficulty in spite of a new costume; which indeed has been the case with every distinguished actor. On the other hand, people whose view is wider than this are perhaps too apt to forget Mr. Irving's earlier performances in criticizing his general method as an actor. One who has played such different parts as, for instance, Digby Grant and Bill Sikes with almost equal success, can hardly be justly accused of wanting in variety. Claude Melnotte is a part which is, we suspect, a good deal more difficult than it seems at first sight. There are probably few amateur *jeunes premiers* who do not think it easy enough, or who would not say, if they saw it successfully given by a rival, that it "played itself." As a matter of fact, a good deal of perception is required to grasp the author's idea of the character, and a great deal of skill so to render it that Claude shall not appear both a poor creature and a scoundrel. Mr. Irving succeeds in exciting interest in him from first to last. If the air of exaltation, assumed in the first scene, as of a man whose head is turned by success, is somewhat overstrained, yet the stress laid upon it serves the better to lead up to the burst of passion which blinds Claude to the villainous of the compact which he makes with Beauséant. In the second scene the actor finds an excellent opportunity for the display of that ironical power which he possesses in a marked degree. Other remarkable points in his performance are found in his exit at the end of the fourth act, when, in a state of intense exaltation, he rushes out to join a troop of soldiers who pass with drums rolling by the cottage window, and in a short scene with Damas in the fifth act, into which the player puts a true and deep pathos. It is worth noting that in this act Mr. Irving presents an absolutely startling likeness to the portraits of the great Napoleon in his youth.

Of Miss Ellen Terry's *Pauline* it is difficult to speak highly enough. The airs of the spoiled beauty, and her delight in the gratification of her ambition, are rendered with that wonderful spontaneity which Miss Terry possesses in a more marked degree than any other living actress. The doubting surprise and alarm with which she learns the deceit put upon her are intensely pathetic, and one sees that it is less by horror of Claude that she is moved than by fear of "the jeer of every tongue in Lyons." But the crowning excellence of Miss Ellen Terry's performance is to be found, to our thinking, in the indication of the gradual change from love of the Prince to love of the man. This is even more striking than the beautiful pathos of the parting with Claude, and of the appeal to Damas and the speech to the supposed Morier in the last act. Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving may be congratulated on having proved that what seemed like dry bones can be converted into living flesh and blood.

The cast of the piece is, as we have hinted, less completely satisfactory than it might be. From Mr. Walter Lacy, who was specially engaged for Damas, much might have been hoped, and much excellence of elocution is to be found in his performance, which, however, is wanting in vigour and dash, which are precisely the qualities which the part demands. Nor can we accept the transpontine villain whom Mr. Forrester presents to us as a probable Beauséant. On the other hand, Miss Pouncefort and Mrs. Chippendale are excellent as the Widow Melnotte and Mme. Deschappelles; and there is not a fault to be found with Mr. Bellew's performance of Glavis, while a special word of praise is due to Mr. Tyars's Gaspar. The play is mounted with that fine taste and completeness which Mr. Irving has led us to expect, and we have only two faults to find with the stage management. What may or may not have been tolerated in duelling practice at the end of the eighteenth century cannot perhaps be exactly determined; but it is quite certain that the manner in which Mr. Irving disarms Damas is not only against all accepted rules of fencing, but is also extremely awkward. Besides which, to pull a person's sword out of his hand in the middle of an assault is hardly so easy a feat as Mr. Irving apparently would have us believe. It might also be well for the actors to agree among themselves upon the way in which it is desirable to pronounce the name *Pauline*. In conclusion to our remarks upon *The Lady of Lyons* we may observe that we note with much satisfaction that the manager of the Lyceum has broken through the system of running the same play continuously night after night, by giving performances on every Wednesday evening of *Hamlet*. It may be hoped that this is only the first step towards the abolition of a custom which cannot but be injurious to dramatic art.

At the Vaudeville Theatre *Our Boys* has at length come to the

end of an unprecedented run, and its place is filled by a piece from the same hand which produced it, entitled *The Girls*. Mr. Byron's plots are not, as a rule, his strongest point, and in *The Girls* there is no particular novelty of invention. This we could well do without if the characters and dialogue were up to the mark which Mr. Byron has sometimes reached. Unfortunately, it must be confessed that in both respects the play is a little disappointing. The piece opens in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Clench, each of whom has a daughter by a former marriage. Mr. Clench is in favour of marriages for money, Mrs. Clench of marriages for love. Mabel Clench's hand is sought by one Potter, a rich and intensely vulgar City man; that of Clara Merton, Mrs. Clench's daughter, by Tony Judson, a struggling sculptor. Both marriages take place; and the second act shows the discomfort and misery of the household of Potter, who is living in dread of ruin, which at the end of the act overtakes him; and the happiness of Judson and his wife, who come on a visit to Potter and are repelled by him, until he discovers that Judson is a friend of Lord Aspland's, when he is pressed to stay. Before the news of his ruin reaches Potter he has, in a fit of passion, recommended his wife to go back to her parents, who are glad enough to welcome her. In the last act Judson is found in great poverty, owing to Lord Aspland's carelessness. Potter, who has sunk to the depths of penury, comes in disguise to see his wife once more before he emigrates; Judson is threatened with being turned out by his landlord; and Lord Aspland comes in in the nick of time to make everybody happy. This is of course merely a bare outline of a play which contains many smart sayings and some clever sketching of character, but which somehow fails as a whole to make any striking impression. Mr. Thorne seems eminently unsuited to the part of Judson, and this is no doubt a strong reason why the play in many passages misses its mark. This is especially evident in the last act, which is the least well put together of the three. Here Mr. Thorne's pathos is too obviously artificial, and the situation in which it is employed has therefore little effect. Miss Illington cannot be congratulated on her performance of Clara Merton, nor can Mr. Garthorne on his of Lord Aspland. Miss Larkin and Miss Kate Bishop play well as Mrs. and Miss Clench, and Mr. Farren does well all that he has to do as Mr. Clench. Mr. James's performance of Potter is as good a piece of acting as one can wish to see. It is wonderfully, we might say even horribly, true to nature; and yet, in spite of the odious conceit and vulgarity of the man, the actor makes one perfectly understand why it is that even the people who abuse Potter most put in a good word for him every now and then. Mr. James is heavily handicapped in this matter, for, if we remember right, Potter does not perform one single good action from beginning to end of the play. Yet he manages to present the semblance of a man who has almost every offensive quality that he can have, and for whom nevertheless a distinct sympathy is aroused. Mr. Byron must of course be credited with having imagined the character which Mr. James renders with admirable skill, and the cleverness of the invention goes some way to redeem the faults of the piece. Mr. James's rendering of the broken-down condition of Potter at the end is as good as his flaunting insolence at the beginning. In the earlier acts his costume is surely exaggerated even for such a character, and he is a little too long over his start of horror when he learns that he is ruined; but, apart from this, his performance is throughout excellent.

CONVERSION OF THE AMERICAN DEBT.

THE completion at the end of last week of the conversion of the United States Debt, so far as the process is authorized by existing laws, closes a very remarkable transaction, which from first to last has baffled all expectation, having been protracted far beyond the calculations of its authors, and yet at length concluded much more quickly than the most sanguine ventured to hope. The debt was contracted for the most part while the subjugation of the South seemed highly problematical, and consequently upon very onerous terms. When, therefore, President Grant had fully re-established order, and adopted the policy of reducing the public liabilities, he took advantage of the improvement of Federal credit to refund at a lower rate of interest. In the beginning of 1870 the amendments to the Constitution which were needed to sanction the changes made by the war had been adopted; the reconstruction of the Southern States was to a great extent effected; order was restored in every part of the Union, and the vast multitudes of men called away by the conflict from their peaceful vocations had returned to the pursuits of industry; the cultivation of cotton had recovered almost its former magnitude; throughout the North and the West prosperity was advancing, as afterwards with us, "by leaps and bounds"; the Federal revenue was greatly in excess of the current expenses; the overflowing surpluses were applied to the reduction of debt, and the Federal bonds had risen considerably above par. There seemed every reason, therefore, to anticipate that the policy of conversion would be rapidly successful. But Mr. Boutwell, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, made a mistake in the form in which he decided to attempt it. He asked leave to convert three hundred millions sterling, not into one Consolidated Stock, as he ought to have done, but into three separate Stocks, bearing interest respectively at 5, 4½, and 4 per cent. His reasoning was specious. The United States, he said, ought to have as good credit as any

country, except possibly Great Britain, and therefore ought to be able to refund at 4 per cent. Just yet, however, that is not practicable; but let us gradually accustom investors to a lower interest, beginning with 5 per cent. Had he issued only the Five per cent. loan he would have been right in his inference. But by taking power to issue two loans at lower rates of interest he gave notice to all whom it might concern that the early funding loans would themselves in turn be refunded, and he thus indisposed investors to deal in them. *Bond fide* investors are troubled when they are called upon to receive back their money. They have no use for it; what they want is an income; and therefore, when it is paid back, they have to go through over again all the bother, anxiety, and perplexity of selecting an investment. The way in which conversion was attempted was thus unfavourable to its success.

But the transaction was begun under a still greater disadvantage. The first Refunding Act received the President's signature in the very month in which the Franco-German war broke out. At the time the United States were in the full swing of that inflation and feverish industrial excitement which terminated three years later in panic and disaster. It was not probable, therefore, that the new bonds would be largely purchased at home. It was Europe, and more particularly England, that was expected to take them off the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. The outbreak of the Franco-German war disappointed this calculation. The European financial world foresaw that loans must be raised by France or Germany, possibly by both, and thus gave no heed to the terms offered at Washington. And, in fact, during the next three years French borrowing absorbed all the spare loanable capital of Europe. Then came the panics in Vienna and New York, the depression throughout the commercial world, the repudiations by Turkey and so many other Governments, the foreign loan revelations, and all the other circumstances tending to spread distrust among the saving classes, and make them hold a tight grip of their money. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Boutwell's expectations were totally disappointed, and that years elapsed before the Five per cent. loan was all taken. At length, however, it was all placed, a corresponding amount of Six per Cents. being called in, and then the Four-and-a-halfs were offered for subscription. Mr. Sherman in the meantime had become Secretary of the Treasury, and he found a sudden demand springing up for these bonds. He wisely decided to close the subscription, and to offer in their stead the Fours; and the result has justified the step. Yet at first they were bought but slowly. On the first day of the present year, as Mr. Sherman has stated, out of the 300 millions sterling of new bonds authorized to be issued only 170½ millions had actually been placed, leaving 129½ millions still upon the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. At the same time the old bonds—Five-Twenties, and Ten-Forties—redeemable, amounted to 113½ millions; so that the Secretary has power to sell 15½ millions sterling of Fours in excess of the old bonds which he can redeem before 1881. With the new year an extraordinary demand arose. In January the subscriptions to the Four per cent. loan amounted to 30 millions sterling, and again in February they reached the same extraordinary figure. In March there was a pause, and only six millions were taken. The curious panic in New Orleans caused money to become dear; and, what was far more important, fears were entertained that the settlement for the subscriptions of the two preceding months, to be made in April and May, would occasion trouble in the money market. The measures adopted by Mr. Sherman allayed these fears, and with the present month the demand for the Fours sprang up again. In a single day twelve millions were taken, and in the first week of the month the whole of the redeemable Sixes—the Five-Twenties as they are called—were covered. There remained the redeemable Fives—the Ten-Forties—amounting to 39 millions in round numbers; and the whole of these were practically taken by the end of last week. That is to say, they were all tendered for; but Mr. Sherman reserved eight millions for public subscription, and if they are not taken in sixty days, they are to be at the option of the former bidders. Thus in less than four months Four per Cent. bonds to the amount of 113½ millions sterling have been subscribed. It is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury engages to sell no more Fours until 1881.

We have already explained how it came to pass that in the first eight years and a half little more than half the bonds offered for subscription were placed; it remains to inquire why the following four months have seen so great a rush for them. The first and principal cause unquestionably is the cheapness and abundance of money all over the world. We called attention to this phenomenon last week and to some of the speculations which it is causing, and since then we have had a further illustration of the influence it is exerting in the rise of Consols to 99½. The cheapness of money, which is only another phrase for the stagnation of trade and the discredit of ordinary securities, naturally runs up the prices of really sound investments. Banks and credit institutions, rather than allow their deposits to lie idle or discount bills at nominal rates, buy Consols here in England, and in America purchase the Four per Cents. At the same time the public themselves are eager to obtain securities which are above suspicion, and everybody who has credit is able to borrow on the purchased stock on terms that leave him a profit. Several other causes operate in the same direction with this, the principal one. It is felt that a further reduction of interest is not probable in a country where, in normal times, the average rate for the use of money is 7 per cent. This in itself is an attraction for investors. Then, again, every year which passes raises the credit of the United States.

There was never any doubt as to the vast resources of the country, and there seems increasing reason to believe that, however dishonest the politicians may be, the people are resolved to discharge to the last penny all their obligations. The successful accomplishment of resumption on New Year's Day greatly strengthened the credit of the Union, and contributed to swell the extraordinary demand for its bonds that has since set in. In yet another way resumption has exercised a powerful influence. It has not been effected in what may be called the natural manner—that is to say, the Treasury notes have not been withdrawn from circulation; the Treasury simply holds itself prepared to redeem its notes when presented. Thus the effect of resumption has been to add gold and silver coin to the greenbacks and bank notes previously in circulation—in other words, largely to inflate the currency, and thus to intensify that cheapness of money to which we have already referred. Over and above these several causes there is an incipient revival of enterprise. The last two harvests have been the most plentiful ever known in America, and, in consequence, the export of grain has been unprecedented. At the same time there has been an immense exportation of cattle, meat, butter, cheese, and other produce. The wealth of the country has thus largely increased, and has permitted corresponding savings. It is inevitable that in such circumstances there should be an awakening of speculation. But the lesson taught during the past six years is too severe and too recent to be quite forgotten; the defaults of railways, States, and municipalities, and the bankruptcies of manufacturers and credit institutions, have been too numerous to allow the resulting discredit to pass away so soon. As a matter of course, therefore, speculation is at first ventured upon only where credit is above suspicion. Lastly, it would be ungenerous not to recognize Mr. Sherman's part in the successful conduct of the refunding operations. He has impressed the American public with a confidence in his judgment and a belief in his integrity and single-mindedness which have helped amazingly to carry through everything he undertook. It must in fairness be added that thus far his management has been very able. Whether the transaction can be completed without a disturbance of the money market remains to be seen; but up to the present time the precautions taken appear to have been sufficient for the purpose.

RACING.

WE are unable at present to trace any symptoms of a decline in the popularity of racing. Last season as much as 225,000*l.* was given to be run for, in addition to the stakes, and as race committees do not usually offer prizes from purely philanthropic motives, it may readily be supposed that immense sums must be received from the spectators of races to make such an investment profitable. When we look at a large grand stand and the enclosure in front of it crammed with people, every one of whom has paid a sovereign for admittance, and when we turn from such a sight to look at a common on the opposite side of the course, crowded with carriages, for each of which a heavy fee has been paid, we may form some idea of the amount of money which the general public spend upon the amusement of racing. When we also consider that most of the bookmakers who are roaring in the ring make a livelihood out of the unprofessional backers of horses, and when we think of the training and railway expenses of some couple of thousand horses, we are led to fancy that there can be no other amusement on which Englishmen spend so much money as they do on racing. As regards what is termed "added money," if there must be racing at all it may be as well that this form of racing expenditure should be large, for it is quite possible that its effect may be to induce owners of horses to be satisfied with winning the stakes, instead of trying to pay their trainers' bills by betting. Within the last two years the amount of money added to stakes has been rapidly increasing. In the year 1876 it was about 166,000*l.*; in 1877, 194,000*l.*; and in 1878, as we have already said, 225,000*l.* was given to be run for in addition to the stakes. The total value of the stakes raced for last season, including entrance money, amounted to 391,059*l.* In 1878 rather more than two thousand horses ran in this country; but this number was greatly exceeded in the years 1868, 1869, and 1870, when upwards of two thousand five hundred horses ran annually. A greater number of two-year-olds, however, ran last year than ever, while the five-year-olds which were on the turf were unusually few. Indeed there has of late been a great decrease in the number of five-year-olds kept in training. In each of the years 1868, 1869, and 1870 the number of five-year-olds which started for races was double that of last year. Those who take most interest in racing for its own sake, apart from its gambling accompaniments, do not, as a rule, look with satisfaction upon the increase of two-year-old racing, nor do they regard with greater favour the decrease in the number of five-year-old racers; but perhaps few of these estimable people have long trainers' bills to pay, or remember that owners of race-horses seldom keep their studs solely with a view to the improvement of the breed of horses.

To breeders, one of the most noticeable incidents of last summer was the success of Speculum. Twenty-nine of this horse's stock won races during the season. Among these were Sefton, the winner of the Derby, Hesper, Advance, Kaleidoscope, and several other distinguished horses. Lord Clifden was the

sire of the largest winner of the year, in Jannette, who, although far from having been herself in the early part of the season, won a sum of money rarely, if ever, surpassed in one year by one horse. Lord Clifden was also represented by Lord Olive, whom many excellent judges supposed to be the best three-year-old colt of the year, although his unfortunate disqualification for the principal races of the season prevented this opinion from being tested. Among older horses Lord Clifden had Petrarch and Hampton, so that altogether his season was a very successful one. Rosicrucian, whose yearlings at one time realized enormous prices, scarcely maintained his reputation, but nevertheless fourteen of his stock won races during the season. Adventurer produced the best two-year-old of the year in Wheel of Fortune, and few, if any, racehorses of the same age have had more prosperous careers. Ruperra, by the same sire, was looked upon as a colt of a very high order, although the beginning of his season was more brilliant than its close. Hermit was the sire of Peter, the best two-year-old colt of the season. The only occasion on which this colt suffered defeat was his first race, when he ran second to the unbeaten Wheel of Fortune. Then Hermit's son Trappist, although an uncertain runner, was probably the fastest horse in training. Pero Gomez must be regarded as having been unlucky, for if his son Sir Joseph had kept well, it is possible that he might have distinguished himself. Blair Athol had his reputation maintained by Silvio, and his last performance in the Jockey Club Cup, over two miles and a quarter, in which he beat Hampton, Verneuil, and Insulaire, proved him to be a racehorse of very high quality. Ecossais, one of the fastest horses over six furlongs on the turf, is also a son of Blair Athol, so that that sire was well represented, both for speed and endurance. As regards his younger stock, however, he was hardly so successful as in some previous years. Among young stud horses Favonius and Cremorne, two sons of Parmesan, who won the Derbys of 1871 and 1872, were entitled to some credit, the former for being represented by eleven winners, and the latter for being the father of Cadogan, a two-year-old of some promise. To be the parent of a two-year-old like Leap Year, which could win more than three thousand guineas in its first season, was much to the credit of Kingcraft; and Albert Victor deserves notice as being the sire of Victor Chief, who ran Peter to a neck at 4 lbs. in the Middle Park Plate, beating the bulk of the best two-year-olds of the year. Gladiateur never quite fulfils the expectations of his admirers; and, although Macaroni had sixteen winners on the turf, he was stronger in the quantity than in the quality of his successful stock. Only five of the descendants of St. Albans won races in 1878, but they included Julius Cæsar, the two-year-old Lansdown, and Norwich, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes. The handsome Thormanby had only four winners to boast of, one of which was the rather disappointing Bonnie Scotland, who won the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, and another, Charibert, a two-year-old, which won more than two thousand guineas. Among the eleven winners by Scottish Chief were Childeric, who, when in the humour, was a very good three-year-old, and Glengarry, who won the valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, in which he beat the winner of the Derby, from whom he was receiving 16 lbs. As is sometimes the case, several horses which distinguished themselves last season were of doubtful parentage, such as Pilgrimage, the winner of the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, who was either by The Earl or The Palmer; Thurio, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, who was by Tibthorpe or Cremorne; and Midlothian, the winner of the Stewards' Cup and the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, who was by Rataplan or Strathconan. The British stud sustained a great loss last year in the death of Carnival, whose young stock are of a very promising appearance. Another well-known horse, Saunterer, died during the summer. The sales of yearlings in the year 1878 were not, as a rule, encouraging to breeders. Although high prices are occasionally obtained, breeding racehorses is not always either profitable or amusing. The owner of a mare which had won both the Oaks and the St. Leger gave four thousand five hundred guineas for her at the age of five, and this is the third year in succession in which she has failed to breed at all. A very promising four-year-old has been sent to the stud in Beauchere, by Rosicrucian out of Bonny Bell, and Hampton has also finished his racing career. The latter horse has been so successful on the turf that he may be expected as a stud horse to do credit to his sire Lord Clifden.

Two very unsatisfactory matters marred the prospects of the present racing season. One was the absence of the name of Wheel of Fortune from the nominations for the Derby and Two Thousand, and the other was the disqualification of Peter, who had been first favourite for the Derby, through the death of General Peel. The season was opened by the victory of Touchet in the Lincolnshire Handicap, after a wonderfully fine race, and a brilliant display of horsemanship on the part of his rider. At Northampton nothing occurred of particular interest; and then followed the most solemn season of the year, which seems to have been devoted by betting-men to heavy gambling on the City and Suburban Handicap. The first meeting of the season at Newmarket began on Easter Tuesday in snow, thunder, lightning, and occasional brilliant sunshine. The first event of the week that attracted much attention was the last race of the second day, in which Isonomy, the favourite, and the winner of the Cambridge-shire of last year, was easily beaten by the American horse Parole. The immediate effect of this was to make Parole first favourite for the City and Suburban. Thurio was naturally expected to

win the Biennial over two miles; but the horses only trotted and cantered for more than half the distance, and then Cyprus, who is a fast horse, managed to beat Thurio, from whom he was receiving 7 lbs. Discord won the Craven Stakes with such ease that he was at once made first favourite for the Two Thousand, and racing men were pretty generally agreed that the colt had improved much in appearance since last year. Taken as a whole, the Craven meeting was a very dull specimen of a week's racing at Newmarket. The sport was indifferent, the attendance was small, and the weather was unpleasant.

As we have already observed, one effect of the Craven Meeting was to make Parole—an American horse which only arrived in this country a few months ago—first favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap. Before Parole had beaten Isonomy, the three-year-old Elf King had been the leading favourite. Although he had been but a moderate two-year-old, he was supposed to have a splendid chance under 6 st.; a weight, by the way, which exceeded by 6 lbs. that carried by Sefton when he won this race last year. Belphebe was not considered in good form, otherwise she would have been almost the first favourite despite her heavy weight of 8 st. 12 lbs. As usual, a crowd of horses were supposed by various people to have some chance, and many leading articles were written in the sporting journals upon their merits or demerits. The class of the bulk of the field was much below that of last year, and it would be waste of time to review the qualifications of the competitors. More than twenty years have elapsed since so small a field as that which came to the post on Tuesday last has contested the City and Suburban. The horses were about half an hour late, and then, after one failure, they went away to an indifferent start. The race was a poor affair. Although Parole did not come to the front until the finish, he had the race in hand all the way; and when Archer called upon him to make his effort, he came away and won in a canter, Ridotto and Cradle running second and third. The winner is far from being a handsome specimen of the thoroughbred horse, and critics take exception to his hocks and his mean-looking neck. It may not, perhaps, be a matter of universal regret that the race was not generally considered a profitable one by the professional betting men.

If the City and Suburban was a failure, what shall be said of the great Metropolitan Stakes? Only two horses, Parole and Castlereagh, appeared at the post. After stumbling and floundering on to his knees and nose at the start, Castlereagh made the running until he shied at a post and tried to bolt. His jockey, however, managed to steady him, and kept him in front until the moment arrived at which Archer chose to let Parole pass him. Then all was over immediately, and the American cantered in a very easy winner. Rarely has the opening of the racing season been such a tame affair.

REVIEWS.

DELBOS ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

WE know not what Mr. Delbos professes, or where he professes it; but neither our ignorance nor the modest limits within which, as he tells us, he has chosen to work would justify us in throwing his little book aside as a trifle not worth thinking about. It is indisputable that a man who, though he may fall far short of Grimm, Bopp, and Burnouf, studies his subject conscientiously, may, in Mr. Delbos's words, "have ideas which may not always be erroneous or worthless"; and we are most ready to admit that a small book written to help people in breaking ground wholly new to them may not only not be worthless, but deserve to take its place amongst the best books in its own class. More than this, it is also true that the science of language is "far too important and extensive to be treated as fully as it ought to be in a few pages," and that we have no right to start with a prejudice against a writer who puts together a few chapters as an introduction to that science. But, if we begin to feel suspicious when a writer is so extremely modest as to plead for a fair hearing on the ground that what he says may not be always wrong, we do not hesitate to say, even before we read a sentence of his book, that we cannot allow philological work to be well done unless it be generally accurate. The reader must find in it nothing, or next to nothing, which he will need to unlearn; he must not be led astray by vague or ambiguous terms; he must not have guesses put before him as if they were certainties, or be told that he is dealing with facts when he is rather being cheated with fancies. If he is to incur such risks in reading the book, it is clear that he will be much the better for not reading it, and the publication of such a work, if it has any effect at all, will rather do harm than good.

Mr. Delbos's book is, we fear, just such a work as this. It is feeble, and it is not accurate. To say the truth, it bristles with mistakes; and these mistakes are the more provoking because he seems to have gone to what are called "the best sources of information," and, more than this, he has even learnt a great deal from them. He knows well that the comparison of languages depends entirely on the analysis of their grammatical forms, that identity of form in words belonging to different languages is almost conclusive proof that the words are not the same, and that cognate

* *Chapters on the Science of Language.* By Professor Leon Delbos. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1878.

forms of words point indubitably to a common origin. He is well aware that, according to Grimm's law, the Greek *δάκρυ* must in English be *tear*, that the Latin *lacryma* will pass naturally into the French *larme*, and that, therefore, *tear* and *larme* are different forms of the same word. He knows thus the principles of the classification of languages, and is able to laugh at the old absurdities which derived all languages from the Hebrew. The student who is no beginner may therefore find much that is good in these pages; but then he will probably find the good rather because he knows it already than from the clearness with which it is set before him, and he will be safe only in those parts of the book where the writer has virtually confined himself to the task of copying.

This is all that we can say in praise of this volume, and it is not much. A careful and exact manual is an excellent thing, but a treatise which is both short and inconsistent is either worthless or is a great evil, and for the most part the matter of this book is either worthless or mischievous. Under the first head falls the first chapter, which professes to deal with the origin and formation of language; under the second we must place the etymological vocabulary in the fourth chapter. Mr. Delbos is quite certain that mankind sprang from a single pair, and therefore that all the forms of human speech have one source; and we need scarcely say that we have no quarrel with him on this score. We should not indeed like to commit ourselves to any conclusion on the subject; but when we speak of language as a divine gift, of man as possessing an inborn faculty of speech, of climate as imparting a definite character to languages, it is very necessary to know what we mean, and to be quite sure that our readers may not gather from our words either that we are halting between two opinions or that we have no meaning at all. Unfortunately Mr. Delbos is a weak writer; and weak writers are sadly apt to become vague and unintelligible. We have only to show that in so saying we have not judged him with undue harshness.

Rightly insisting that the second chapter of Genesis tells us nothing as to the nature of the faculty by which Adam named all the creatures, he goes on to tell us that they who held it to be there settled "forgot that, if God had been really the maker of language, language must have been perfect, or at least have been as much so as Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit, for God is perfect and omniscient, and therefore the primitive idioms of mankind ought to have been as complete and elegant as those which followed." We do not presume to speak positively about the primitive idioms of mankind; nor do we know the process by which it is determined that Latin and Greek are sufficiently elegant to have a divine origin, while Gaelic and Maori are not. A few pages further on the imperfection of language (whatever may be meant by this term) is again acknowledged; and the author tells us plainly that this "is another inducement for me to believe that it is not the creation of God, for I cannot conceive anything imperfect coming from the Creator of all things." If we stick to this proposition we shall be landed in some strange conclusions. Man is very imperfect in every way; and therefore, as on this theory the old Psalmists were wrong in speaking of him as the handiwork of God, it would follow that we come from the hands of Abri-man. But in truth this is not what Mr. Delbos means, for in his very next sentence he goes on to say, "I think that language was not solely invented because it was a necessity for man to communicate his thoughts to his fellow-creatures, but also because, having received the divine gift of speech, he could not have been without one." So the matter, it would seem, is settled, for here we are taught that speech is a divine gift, conferred on man from the first; and of course it follows that this speech, coming from a perfect God, was itself perfect. But this again is not what Mr. Delbos would wish to say, for with the next sentence the scene is shifted. "The faculty of creating words was in man; but if the words themselves are a human invention, the power of inventing them was a spark from the Divine intellect; and it is in this sense that we may say that language truly had a divine origin." All this may be said quite as well of walking. The faculty of walking erect was in man; but if the movements of the legs are a human invention, the power of moving them is not; and therefore in this sense walking has a divine origin. But it is long before the infant can walk; and the faculty of speech need not have shown itself in articulate language for a long series of generations. It may be so; but unfortunately in the previous sentence Mr. Delbos had told us that man received at the first the gift of speech, and therefore could at no time have been without language. The truth is, that to move thus is to move in a maze, and to be content so to move is a sad sign of weakness. Mr. Delbos not only seems content to move thus, but apparently finds a real pleasure in so doing. The influence of climate on language is a topic on which he has something to say. The words of Northern dialects, owing to the murky air, the ice and the snow, are "short, harsh, and unpoetical"; those of the South are "abundant, sweet, and harmonious." We are not quite sure what the terms *short* and *abundant* may mean; but, if we may venture a guess, we should say that Teutonic words must be chiefly monosyllabic, polysyllables being mainly the growth of the South. Unluckily Greek, Latin, English, and German dictionaries would not lend much countenance to this theory. But Mr. Delbos has no misgivings, and he therefore goes on boldly to say that "in Northern climes people are more phlegmatic and less passionate than in the South; that in their books they evince more coolness and correctness; that their reasoning is better, but their language not so elegant; in short, they are deeper and more philosophical than

their Southern brethren." It is all very wonderful. We had been tempted to think that the passion even of Clytemnestra in the great drama of *Æschylus* pales before the more awful tempest of passion which breaks upon us in the *Volsunga Saga*, in the *Gudrun Lay*, and the *Song of the Nibelungs*. But although Mr. Delbos is not checked by such thoughts as these, he remembers that there have been philosophers and an exact philosophical terminology in Southern lands, and so he adds, "However, the language of Homer, Plato, and Aristotle is a proof that there is no rule without exception." It is rather a proof of the folly of framing theories which our own immediate admissions are doomed to destroy.

If we turn now to Mr. Delbos's "derivations," we find him engaged in the same unpleasant game of see-saw. The language of Spain was for some time nothing but Latin itself. It then underwent changes, which "formed a new idiom, but at the same time being still Latin." After this the Moors came, and "some of the words of their language crept slowly into the native idiom, and at last gave the Spanish language the stamp which distinguished it from the other Romance dialects." If these words mean anything, they mean that after this change the language ceased to be Latin; but, to our surprise—if, after so many amazing things, we can be surprised at anything—we read, "Yet, in spite of the numerous Arabic words found in the language of Spain, Spanish is a Latin dialect; not that it came direct from the pure classical language of Italy, but it was derived from it through idioms of that tongue." But here, if one wrong impression is removed, it is only to leave us with another. What is meant by idioms of Latin? Simply this, that the dialect of Roman literature was only one of many Latin dialects, and that the modern Romance languages spring rather from the latter, the speech of the common folk, than from the former. But the student who is not aware of this would never learn the fact from Mr. Delbos's pages. Such are the quagmires in which we are plunged when we think and talk inexactly.

If Mr. Delbos is free from the craze which makes Hebrew the mother of all languages, he comes perilously near to a like craze about Sanskrit. He may not, and probably does not, mean what he says; but he distinctly tells us that before the discovery of Sanskrit

neither an English, nor a French, nor a German word could be traced further back than Latin or Greek; and the Greek word, which often was as complicated as the one to which it had given birth, remained a mystery because the old language of India was unknown to us. Thus the English *Father*, the German *Vater*, the Gothic *Fadar*, the French *père*, the Italian and Spanish *padre*, the Latin *pater*, could all be easily derived from the Greek *πατήρ*, but nothing more; whilst the Greek in its turn can now be derived from the Sanskrit noun *Pitri*, which noun in its turn comes from the simple root *pá*, which means to nourish.

It is a small matter that the Sanskrit noun is not *pitri* but *pitr̥*, and that it comes probably from the same root with the second component part of *dasa-pati*, *δεσπότης*, and the Latin *potens*. It is more noteworthy that at p. 52 we are reminded that "we have seen in a previous chapter that Sanskrit taught us that most European languages were its offspring." It is well to be clear in our statements, and no statement could be much clearer than this. We need only add that, at the end of his book, Mr. Delbos appends a "Genealogical Table of the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian Languages," which tears all such notions to shreds. This table is the same as that of Professor Max Müller, and the explanation prefixed to the table is therefore correct. It would have been happy for the readers of Mr. Delbos's book if all the rest of his matter had been "derived" by this process of careful copying from Professor Max Müller's pages. They would then have been spared the discomfort of finding the Teutonic *burg* and the Greek *πύργος* traced to a root "*pur*, to fill," or the Latin *frango* connected with a Greek *πρίω*, or the words *orio* and *erde*, earth, traced to a root *ardh*, to become visible, while *oriens* is referred to *ush*, the root of *Ushas*, the dawn, or the English *lend* and the Latin *libidinosus*, deduced from the same source, *libh*, to desire. The fact is that, of the entries in the Etymological Vocabulary of Chapter IV., the greater number are wrong, the roots being imaginary, and the words having little to do with each other. We do not say that Mr. Delbos may not have learnt something by writing his book, or even that his readers may not learn something from it; but they are more likely to eat the bane than to find the antidote, and therefore the publication of such works is a matter for almost unmixed regret. Happily the book is not bad enough to find its way into the regions where *Mangnall's Questions* and *Stepping-stones to Knowledge*, *Hort's Pantheon*, and other like things, take root and flourish. It is not good enough to reach those who are likely to work on the subject to any purpose. The chances are, therefore, that it will soon die, and the sooner that it is buried the better.

DAVIS'S ASIATIC TURKEY.*

MR. DAVIS is already favourably known to the public by the account he published a few years ago of his visit to some of the ancient ruined cities in the south-western part of Turkey in Asia. In the present work he gives us the journal of a tour he

* *Life in Asiatic Turkey: a Journal of Travel in Cilicia, Isauria, and parts of Lycaonia and Cappadocia.* By the Rev. E. J. Davis, M.A., English Episcopal Chaplain, Alexandria, Author of "Anatolica." Maps and Illustrations. London: Edward Stanford. 1879.

made in the year 1875 through the south-eastern districts of that country. In both his journeys he visited places which are scarcely known to modern travellers. By his long sojourn in the East, and by his familiarity with the Turkish and Arabic languages, he was well prepared for the difficult task which he took upon himself. He would seem also to be endued with that degree of resolution, courage, and endurance which is required in a man who is to face the varied sufferings and dangers which await the traveller in a remote province of the Turkish Empire. His unfortunate companion sank beneath the hardships to which they were both exposed, and Mr. Davis himself only escaped death by a hair's-breadth. For nearly a year after he had left Cilicia he was, as he tells us, again and again prostrated by the fever which had attacked him and nearly carried him off on its malarious coast. To the high and various qualifications that he possesses for his task we greatly wish that one more could have been added. He has fallen into that error which is so common among travellers who turn authors. He not only records, but he publishes, everything that he has seen and heard. He has no sense of proportion. He gives every subject equal prominence. Every day's journey is told at great length, and with a minuteness which at times becomes not a little wearisome. He has seen so much that he might easily have written a most interesting book. He has told so much that he has run the risk of spoiling the interest of his book. Travellers would often do well were they to submit their manuscript to a censor who would allow nothing to remain that could try the patience of their readers. Mr. Davis has not, however, as so many writers do, lengthened his work by silly comments or impertinent details. Each page taken by itself is, generally speaking, interesting. It is the repetition of circumstances often differing very slightly from each other that causes the whole narrative to be somewhat heavy. Certainly any one who conscientiously reads his book without skipping, or with very little skipping, as we can boast to have done, gets impressed on his mind a very distinct picture of the wonderfully varied scenery of the interesting country through which he travelled, and of the habits of its much-suffering population.

Travels in Asia Minor are at best somewhat sad reading. We are affected by them much as was the eloquent Roman when, on his voyage from *Egina* to *Megara*, he saw, whichever way he turned, towns which once had been most flourishing lying in ruins before him. Mr. Davis traversed part of the route along which *Xenophon* had marched with *Cyrus's* army. But he never came to any of those cities, great and prosperous, which are so frequently mentioned in the *Anabasis*. In one place he searched carefully for inscriptions among the old ruins of a town in the vain hope of discovering its name. A few columns of some temple were left standing, fourteen rows of seats could still be counted in the theatre, the site of the *Agora* could be traced, but the very name had passed away. It was the same everywhere—signs of great prosperity, and of flourishing and enterprising communities, in a remote past; but in the present nothing but oppression, squalor, and misery. The Government will not even take the trouble to keep in repair the bridges which the Romans left them, and the whole of Cilicia at the present day is traversed by but one road. The fault lies not so much in the people as in their rulers. Mr. Davis constantly bears testimony to the virtues of the Turkish peasantry, and to the vices of the Turkish rulers. Improvidence, however, as is clear from what he states in one part of his narrative, is as common to the peasantry as to the official class. We need not be astonished at the folly which leaves all public works in Turkey to go to ruin, without the least effort being made to repair them, when we read that in private houses "holes in stairs or floors are never repaired, and, if you put your foot through one of them and hurt yourself, so much the worse for you." To that habit of resignation which is so striking a feature of the *Mahometan* character, and which, looked at from one side, is so admirable, is due much of the miseries under which the people suffer. They learn to endure before they have taken the trouble to see whether they cannot cure. "When sufferings which cannot be shunned come upon them it is then that the full dignity of their character is seen. 'Who is there,' asks Mr. Davis, 'that has lived in the Muslim East, and mixed familiarly with the people, but can recall instances in which the most sudden and disastrous reverse of fortune has been borne with a noble calmness which we Europeans may admire but cannot imitate? A Muslim suicide is almost a prodigy.' If these people had less fortitude under the almost overwhelming strokes of fortune, they would be more likely to mend the holes in their stairs and floors. And yet, in spite of their neglect of reasonable precautions, the peasantry have such admirable qualities that, under almost any rule but that of Constantinople, they could soon be led to restore their country to something of its old prosperity. To the utter rascality of the Government Mr. Davis bears ample testimony. His sympathies, indeed, are strongly Turkish, and he never loses a chance of a fling at the Russians; but it is the Turkish people, and not the Turkish rulers, that he likes. He visited the country just after the dreadful famine of 1873-4. He found towns almost desolate. In one place, in which three years before there were 400 inhabited houses, there were but 100 inhabited at the time of his visit. The other 300 were deserted, and were fast falling to ruin. The herds had been swept away with the people. This little town had lost 1,200 cows and oxen, 300 horses and camels, and 20,000 sheep. Everywhere he found the same tale, yet everywhere the tax-gatherer was going his rounds as usual, and exacting the uttermost

farthing. Mr. Davis came into one village just as the farmers of the taxes arrived, who had received orders to value even the honey, and the little crop of fruits and nuts in the gardens. "We entered the house while the commission was being read aloud. The complaints of the villagers were loud and bitter, for the poor people have literally nothing left; and are, moreover, deeply in debt. A great many of their children had died from want of proper food, and seven or eight families had perished of absolute starvation." In another village he found the tax-gatherer talking with one poor fellow who, with tears in his eyes, was protesting that he had nothing left. "'You have your garden,' said the tax-gatherer, 'sell that.' 'Janum' [my dear fellow], replied the man, 'only find me a purchaser, and I will sell it.'" It must have been, indeed, piteous to see the way in which these poor people were treated. They complained bitterly; but they submitted without resistance. They had no want of spirit and courage; but a village Hampden is impossible in a country where religion teaches nothing but resignation. There does seem, however, to be some slight improvement even in that out-of-the-way corner of Asia Minor. A man of property does not so often now borrow at a high rate of interest money which he does not in the least need, so that he may keep up the appearance of being poor. "We dare be rich for a' that" may before so many years have passed be sung in Turkey in Asia. A few years ago the man who possessed wealth in that country was as much in fear of the Pashas as in other countries he is in fear of burglars and highwaymen.

Even to the worthlessness and rapacity of the official class there were, as we learn from Mr. Davis, a few exceptions. But the changes among them were so rapid that a good man had scarcely time even to begin to set matters right. In eight months there had been five new governors of Aleppo. Syria four years ago had an honest and an able governor who soon began to work a great change. But the Sultan's niece, who had seen him at a review, fell in love with him, and so, much against his will, he was recalled to Constantinople and forced to marry her. In the town of Adana Mr. Davis noticed that some great improvements had been recently made. In one quarter, at all events, he found well-built houses and wide streets. These improvements were due to a Pasha who had lived a long time in Malta, and who was resolved to improve Adana till it bore some resemblance to Malta:—

Finding all his wishes thwarted by the opposition or apathy of the leading people, he purposely set fire to the bazaar, and the most filthy quarter of the town, and when the people wished to rebuild on the void space, he forced them to lay out the streets as he desired, and follow his directions as to the style of houses. The fire caused a loss of 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, but Adana as a city benefited immensely. Khail Pasha's plan succeeded so well that he seriously contemplated continuing the operation on another quarter. The people, however, strongly objected to being burnt out any further, and made representations at Constantinople which led to his recall, and as he was not a taker of backsheesh, and had spent all his ready cash, he actually had not the means of paying his passage to Constantinople, and was obliged to borrow some money from a Greek merchant, which he afterwards duly repaid. After him there were no more "improving" governors.

It is not by any means only of the political condition of Asiatic Turkey that Mr. Davis treats in his ample volume. The narrative of his journeys, of the hardships he had to surmount, of the striking scenery he saw, and of the curious people he met, affords an agreeable variety. His description of Tarsus, for instance, which the reader comes upon quite at the opening of his work, is unusually interesting. The town itself is in a miserable condition. Accustomed as he was to Eastern towns, he had never, he says, seen so filthy and miserable a place. Jerusalem itself was not so bad. And yet, so far as nature was concerned, it was not a place unworthy of being the birthplace of the great Apostle. Words, Mr. Davis says, fail to describe the extreme beauty of the landscape. A noble range of mountains closes the horizon on the north-east, their tops glittering like snow, their bases of the tenderest violet tint. Lovely gardens surrounded the town on every side for miles:—"They are wild, beautiful, neglected spots, full of magnificent trees, especially fine oak, ash, orange, and lemon trees. . . . They were well watered by numerous branches of the Cydnus, which traverse the town in every direction. From almost every garden one hears the song of the nightingale." As the travellers were continuing their journey a number of mules and horses met them, carrying into the town great loads of myrtle and lavender to be used as firewood. As they passed the fragrance of the branches filled the air. One of Mr. Davis's friends the year before, in the neighbourhood of Tarsus, had come upon some mountaineers who had at first refused to render him any help, believing that he was a tax-gatherer; and then, learning that he was an Englishman, had asked whether there was no hope of any European Power coming to relieve them of the tyranny under which they suffered. But to return to the scenery. Nothing is more striking than the sudden and great changes in landscape that Asia Minor affords. At one time the traveller is riding among such beautiful gardens as those near Tarsus, or along a road which "resembled some greatly neglected lane in Devonshire, only much more beautiful"; and then in an hour or two he comes upon "the arid and desolate sterility of some great plain," or upon the equally arid and desolate sides of mountains whose heads are covered with everlasting snow. "These sudden and almost startling contrasts," says Mr. Davis, "yield some of the exquisite charms of travels in Asia Minor." Charms, indeed, are greatly needed to enable the traveller to support the hardships which await him. There was at times the greatest difficulty in obtain-

ing food of even the coarsest kind. When the party did manage to get any, even if it was, as was often the case, somewhat unsavoury, they nevertheless knew what they were eating, for "adulteration of food is practically unknown in Turkey." The difficulties of the travellers were not unfrequently relieved by the great hospitality of some of the people they came across. We should have liked, had we had space at our disposal, to describe at length a fine old Turkish country gentleman, who gave Mr. Davis the warmest of welcomes. For nearly seven hundred years had his estate, he said, been in the hands of his family, and yet his possession had been recently threatened by a rascally Pasha. Nevertheless he still kept up his house at a bountiful old rate which would not have disgraced the old English gentleman of the Elizabethan song. To his great kindness and hospitality our traveller was chiefly indebted for his recovery from a severe attack of fever. When Mr. Davis took leave of him, the old gentleman gave him his blessing in a very paternal manner, and the English chaplain "replied by warmly thanking him for his kindness, and praying that Allah would give him and his family every blessing."

We cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Davis for a work which is very instructive, and which contains so much that is interesting, not only to those who would desire to get a better understanding of the Asiatic provinces of the Turkish Empire, but also to that still larger class which delights to study the manners of men.

HAECKEL'S EVOLUTION OF MAN.*

IN this excellent translation of Professor Haeckel's work the English reader has access to the latest doctrines of the Continental school of evolution in its application to the history of man. It is in Germany, beyond any other European country, that the impulse given by Mr. Darwin twenty years ago to the theory of evolution has influenced the whole tenor of philosophical opinion. There may be, and are, differences in the degree to which the doctrine may be held capable of extension into the domain of mind and morals; but there is no denying, in scientific circles at least, that as regards the physical history of organic nature much has been done towards making good a continuous scheme of being. There are, at the same time, naturalists who, while prepared with a physical theory both of the origin of man and of animal and plant species without the help of independent creative energy, shrink back from the step which leaves absolutely no distinction in point of origin, of constitution, or of destiny, between man and the brute varieties of life. Even among professed Darwinians who accept the theory of the descent of man, and go with it through the whole range of his organic development, there are those who find in the intellectual and spiritual elements of man's organism something that defies assimilation with the brute, and which neither observation nor effort of thought can trace to evolution from a common germ. No such difficulty impedes Professor Haeckel. Standing at the head of those who in Germany have pushed the Darwinian idea of man's origin without fear or limit, he has for the last twelve years been working out before a mixed class of students of all faculties his views of human evolution, the first outlines of which he embodied in his *Natural History of Creation*, published in 1868, but which he had already shadowed forth in his *Generelle Morphologie*.

His theory was attacked with vigour, not only by determined opponents of the whole scheme of evolution, but by many whom he denounces as false or half-hearted Darwinists. Amongst these were Wilhelm His and Alexander Goette, to whom he replied in a special work on the *Aims and Methods of the Modern History of Evolution (Ziele und Wege der Heutigen Entwicklungsgeschichte)*. Jena, 1875. On the other hand, he had to meet the attacks of naturalists whom he had regarded as open and unshrinking adherents of the theory of evolution, such as Karl Vogt and Albert Kölliker. It seemed to him hard that Vogt, whose services to zoology he had ranked most highly, and whom he had counted second only to Mr. Huxley in his demonstration of the theory of descent in its application to man as a necessary truth, should refuse to make further progress in the same direction. Allowing it to have been proved that man proper must have originated from a common line of ancestry with apes, Vogt denies altogether the possibility of going further back than this, or of showing with any degree of probability more than that "at the furthest the higher mammals may perhaps have developed from pouched animals (Marsupialia)." He thus rejects, of course, the hypothetical human pedigree based in Haeckel's view upon the mass of facts accumulated in comparative anatomy, ontogeny, palaeontology, and systematic zoology, whereby, as he maintains, may be no less logically traced "the common descent of all mammals from lower vertebrates, primarily from Amphibia, and less immediately from fishes." With the same certainty or probability Haeckel held to be made out the descent of all skulled animals (Craniota) from skull-less forms (Acrania, allies of Amphioxus), and the descent of these latter from Chorda animals (Chordonia, forms allied to Ascidia); these Chorda animals being in their turn descended from low worms, which must finally

have originated from a Gastraea resembling the Gastrula, and these Gastræads from a one-celled organism resembling the undifferentiated Amœba. The whole of this pedigree Vogt has rejected, without, however, substituting another. Supporting himself by the authority of Semper, who at the same time goes so far as to derive vertebrates from ringed worms (Annelida), he especially denies our relationship with the Selachii and the Amphioxus, with the Ascidia and the Gastræa, which Mr. Darwin was, we believe, the first to maintain in his *Descent of Man*. Vogt and Semper, it appears, agree in condemning all philosophy, making it a special charge against Haeckel that he seeks to unite empiricism with philosophy, experience with idea, observation with reflection. We, for our part, can but agree with our author that the closest union and blending of empiricism (the raw material of facts) with philosophical reflection can alone enable us to raise a permanent and sure scientific structure. Hereby alone can we hope to meet that demand for causality innate in human reason which can never rest content with mere experimental science. Of Albert Kölliker our author complains that merely because he has been unable to discover a Gastrula in mammals and birds, he throws over the Gastræa theory altogether, whereas in their most recent researches Van Beneden and Rauber (the former in the case of the rabbit, and the latter in the case of the chick) describe a kengenetic gastrula-form, easily to be referred to the paligenetic gastrula of the Amphioxus. The highly special exceptions of the learned Würzburg anatomist are treated with more respect than those of the "unlearned Leipzig anatomist," Wilhelm His; whilst the protest of the eminent physiologist, Du Bois Reymond, on the Limits of Human Knowledge is simply deplored by Haeckel as a flat denial of the plain history of evolution, and a contented if not a dogmatic acquiescence in mysteries which man is never to penetrate. *Semper ignorabimus!* Since our author's formal reply to what he considers a "joint prohibition of the infallible Vatican and the ignorantist school of biological science," the voice of Professor Virchow has joined the same chorus of warning or denunciation. In the meanwhile Professor Haeckel set himself, in a revised edition of his lectures, the task of going once more over the whole ground of evolution in nature, beginning with the origin and growth of the doctrine itself, and proceeding to defend its leading principles by proofs drawn from the widest research into the phenomena of life.

The history of the theory itself, as drawn out in Professor Haeckel's summary, goes far towards making good the position claimed by him for evolution as the fundamental law of modern biology. Originally shadowed out by Aristotle, the doctrine took its first definite step on the revival of scientific culture with the germ theory of Wolf (1759 A.D.), though approximations to it had been made by Fabricius and Spigelius in Italy, and in England by Newham (1667) and Harvey (1652), to the latter of whom is due the important assertion *omne vivum ex ovo*. Taken up after an interval of strange neglect by Baer, the theory of evolution was advanced by the distinction of the two primary germ-layers in the embryo of all vertebrates, the modification of which gave rise to the first fundamental organs of the body. In 1827 the discovery of the human egg was announced by Baer, embedded in the follicles which had been taken by Graaf to be the eggs themselves. Carried on by microscopic observers like Schleiden and Schwann, and especially by Remak of Berlin, what was thenceforward known as the cell-theory gave a new form or unity to the science of embryology. The doctrine of histogeny, or the evolution of the tissues, brought in manifold special points in confirmation of the view that in the two germ-layers (the ectoderm and entoderm) lay hidden the primary and common original of all animal forms, vertebrate and invertebrate. It was reserved for Mr. Darwin to assign the mechanical causes of the changes of form which issue in the wide differentiation of these animal organisms. The theory of descent or transmutation put forth by Lamarck as a key to the evolution of species and to the unity of all organic forms (plants, animals, and men), greatly forwarded by Goethe's brilliant morphological conceptions, prepared the way for Mr. Darwin's doctrine of natural selection as the efficient cause of progressive stages in the evolution of higher from lower forms of life. Lamarck had gone some way towards explaining the variation of organisms descended from common ancestral forms, partly by the effect of habit and the continued use of the organs, partly by the aid of the phenomena of heredity. It was reserved for Mr. Darwin to make an advance which Professor Haeckel pronounces "scarcely to be equalled throughout the whole record of the natural sciences," establishing the inter-relation of hereditary transmission with adaptation in the ceaseless struggle for existence. Lamarck was thus the first to formulate the theory of the natural origin of all organisms, including man, whilst to Goethe is due the distinction of the two contrary constructive forces, or formative tendencies, which control the course of evolution; one being the internal or "centripetal" force, the tendency towards specification which constantly aims at maintaining uniform the organic forms of species in the series of generations, the other the external or "centrifugal" force, the tendency towards variation or metamorphosis, acting through continual changes in the outer conditions of existence so as continually to vary the species. For the traditional philosophy of design or "purposive" causes (*cause finales*) was substituted the doctrine of "natural" causes (*cause efficientes*), running through the entire realm of creation.

The doctrine of continuous descent, which, as the physical aspect of life, is now taught in all schools of biology, is nothing but an induction arrived at by grouping and comparing together the

* *The Evolution of Man: a Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny.* From the German of Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena, Author of "The History of Creation," &c. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

most important empirical facts of morphology and physiology. The science of paleontology shows, in the modification of species brought to light by the study of fossil remains, the gradual evolution of the organic population of the earth. With these evidences of the past comparative anatomy, and above all embryology, enables us to correlate the phenomena of life in its manifold now existing forms; while in the microscope we have the means of pursuing life towards its primary or ultimate seat. It is with the detailed proofs of what the author regards as the all-pervading law of the essential unity and continuity of nature that the bulk of the able and erudite work before us is taken up. In the primary simple cell the science of embryology bids us recognize the elementary organism common to all varieties of life. In its earliest stages no difference can be traced between the minute protoplasmic mass of the Amoeba or other simple monad and that which in its full development we see rise to the highest rank of sentient and conscious life. The series of diagrams which illustrates Professor Haeckel's work sets before the eye the successive stages of differentiation through which the rudimentary cell passes in various vertebrate forms. So widely diffused amongst all the educated classes has been of late years an elementary knowledge at least of comparative anatomy and physiology, that there is no longer much that need startle the public in the statement of the essential harmony in point of anatomical form and internal structure between the embryo of man and that of the other mammals. Towards the final term of gestation, the process of differentiation marks clearly off the higher and lower orders of animal being. Further back there is a point at which none of these can be distinguished from birds and reptiles, and there is a still earlier stage at which the rudimentary forms are no other than those of fishes and amphibia. Through all runs the line of progressive development from the two primary germ-layers, originating by fission from a single simple cell. Recent advances in science have combined to make good the homology between vital processes which were once thought essentially distinct; what is known as histology, or the science of tissues, tracing in particular the growth of the organs as so many stages of cellular development issuing in the highest forms of nervous, conscious, voluntary energy. Corresponding to the law of development in the individual is, as Professor Haeckel further endeavours to show, the law of evolution for the whole race. The series of forms through which the individual organism passes from the egg-cell to the fully developed mature state is, he contends, a brief compressed reproduction of the long series of forms through which the animal ancestors of that organism (or the ancestral forms of its species) have passed from the earliest periods of so-called organic creation down to the present time. The evolution of the tribe, or the growth of the social and political relations of mankind, which he terms phylogeny (as distinct from ontogeny, or the history of the individual germ) is traced with no less ingenuity in connexion with the laws of heredity and adaptation. Of the further attempt to link the theory with the facts of psychology, or of life in its conscious and spiritual aspect, we cannot here speak. This is confessedly the most difficult part of the subject, and that on which a general agreement of scientific opinion is least likely to be soon reached.

RAMBLES IN NORTH-WESTERN AMERICA.*

WE do not remember ever to have read a book of travels before this in which the writer vouched "leading officials" of the country he had explored as witnesses to the genuineness of his researches. Considering the very flattering character of Mr. Murphy's views on the future of the great North-West, perhaps it might be thought that certificates from Oregon and Montana mayors and judges would be somewhat coloured. We can by no means claim to speak with the authority of Portland, or Cheyenne, or Helena dignitaries. Nevertheless we may be permitted to add our unbiased testimony to theirs. Mr. Murphy has not only written a very readable volume, but must have employed infinite pains in collecting his materials. If there is any drawback to his book, it is that he evidently sees things through the medium of a somewhat sanguine and enthusiastic temper.

The visitor to the Pacific States of the Union, as he coasts along the shores of Oregon, sees only blue in sea and sky, and green and white on land. The landscape is made up of huge forests of coniferous evergreens bounded one hundred and ten miles away by the perpetual snows of the Cascade Mountains. The features of the scene are, according to Mr. Murphy, reflected in the name of Oregon. He assumes, "for valid reasons," that it is derived from *ôpes*, a mountain, and *γῆνος*, brightness. The valid reasons are that the "omnipresent emerald sea of foliage and the towering mountain ranges would be the first things to attract the attention of the observant explorer." We prefer Mr. Murphy's descriptions to his philology. He describes the country as literally a land of milk and honey. The entire area is well adapted to stock-raising. As for bee-keeping, the continuity of flowers from March to November, in consequence of the moist and equable climate, furnishes the lives with unsurpassable pasturage. There are giant trees, the mammoth redwood averaging from three hundred to four hundred feet, and various firs of equal height, for ship and house-building. The Willamette Valley produces heavy crops of wheat. It might, we

are told, yield a yearly average of 60,000 bushels if the farmers would do more than "tickle" the ground. Here, however, we must mention that Mr. Murphy's view of averages is peculiar. The yield, he says, of the next best crop to wheat, oats, ranges "from 40 to 115 bushels per acre, according to the manner in which it is cultivated. The average may be estimated, however, at 35 bushels." Other crops are extraordinarily prolific. "I have myself," he writes, "seen 20,000 lbs. of cabbages, 700 bushels of onions, and a ton of carrots, gathered from three acres of beaver land." The apples of this Eden are asserted to be unrivalled for flavour, as they must certainly be for size. He has beheld "several hundred bushels gathered in one orchard, which averaged 12 ounces in weight, while many weighed 4 lbs.!" No population could devour fruit at this rate of increase. The farmers store it by compressing it into thin sheets, and rolling it up into bundles like cloth. When wanted for use the cakes have only to be placed in water, "when they resume their original shape." Gooseberries, raspberries, currants, and a multitude of other berries need no cultivation. They "form almost the whole of the low undergrowth of the forests over an area of nearly 40,000 square miles."

Washington Territory, to the north of Oregon, appears to be equal to Oregon in its honey, crops, and stock-raising properties, where there are any settlers. But it is as yet thinly peopled. Mr. Murphy portrays the prairies of Puget Sound as rainbow-hued with flowers, in a manner to make us lament the prosaic future when this glorious garden shall be turned into corn-fields and dairy-farms. The Columbia forms the boundary of the Territory. No river in the world, we are informed, "the Nile perhaps excepted, can equal the Columbia in variety and grandeur of beauty." From Washington Territory Mr. Murphy passed to that of Idaho. Idaho might be very productive in corn, but the best land belongs to the Indians, who cultivate no part of it. So Idaho relies for the present most on its minerals. Montana Territory is still healthier, less cultivated, more peopled by Indians, and richer in gold and silver than Idaho. In Utah we appear to set foot once more on known land, though Mr. Murphy's tour in Southern Utah breaks up newer soil. He was well received by President Brigham Young and Vice-President Smith, and he admired the industry of the people. But the "frowny women," with subdued plain looks, in their antediluvian garments, and their untidy tow-headed children, disgusted him as much as the exceedingly plain speech of the Mormon preachers. His sketch conveys the impression of a vulgar and melancholy Mahomedanism. Wyoming Territory, whither our traveller passed from Utah, shows a more smiling aspect. To yield corn it would need the Mormon patience which has irrigated Northern Utah into a garden, and which, after the new Hegira which Mr. Murphy sees near at hand, will continue the process for the benefit of the rocky wilderness of the South. Even as it is, Mr. Murphy thinks there could be no better grazing country than Wyoming. The only fault of its buffalo grass is that it will bear no neighbour. It expels all gay flowers from the plains, or "so stunts them in size and brilliancy of hue that they do little to brighten the landscape." An English grazier might perhaps be indulgent to this weakness. The atmosphere, we are informed, is so clear that points two miles distant do not seem more than a few yards away. Mr. Murphy certainly puts his facts rather strongly. A story is told of an English tourist who set off to walk before breakfast to a mountain fifty miles off. Some residents in the place accompanied him to see what he would do. After a long journey, the mountain appeared as far away as ever. At last they came to a swollen stream, and the Englishman began undressing. "What are you doing?" said one of the party. "Why, I am undressing to cross this broad river," said he. "This is only a creek," said another. "Well, how am I to know that?" said the disgusted tourist. "No one can tell the depths and distances in this queer country."

Mr. Murphy speaks of himself as a keen sportsman. He describes sport both as sport and as a feeder of commerce. The Columbia in April "fairly boils" with salmon. At every waterfall thousands are to be seen hurling themselves into the air. "Salmon may be said to be the main support of perhaps a quarter of a million of Indians." In addition, Europe receives in the canned form about fifteen million pounds. The fish is entirely disinterested in ascending the Oregon streams. Though it will sometimes bite, it rarely takes the trouble. This fact in natural history, according to Mr. Murphy, cost us a noble territory. The British Government despatched a commissioner to report on the sources of the country with a view to the question whether it was worth fighting for. "His first examination consisted in trying the salmon; and, finding he could not induce them to take a fly, he reported that the infernal country was good for nothing, for even the salmon would not take a fly." Hence, if the story may be believed, the subsequent Ashburton Treaty. Mr. Murphy has refuted the reporter by hooking half-a-dozen fish in a day. Besides innumerable salmon and trout there is the eulachon, so oily that the Indians use it for candles. The marine fisheries—anchovy, herring, and cod, not to speak of eighty of the mollusca species, and twelve crustaceans—are sources of boundless wealth which have scarcely yet been even experimented on except by the Indians. The Indians catch herrings by simply pushing a long board covered with rows of nails into the water, and hauling it up laden with spoil. Another mode of catching fish, though in this case it is the golden barred perch, is "to push the canoes among a school, and keep them there until the fish fill them of their own free will." Mr. Murphy carefully warns his readers that

* *Rambles in North-Western America, from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains.* By John Mortimer Murphy. London: Chapman & Hall, 1879.

this "is not intended for a fish story." Here and there a panther is to be met with. There are wolves in plenty. On an exploring expedition there is little need to take provisions. In an hour or two the angler lands two dozen trout, and, returning to camp, finds his companions "skinning two fine stags which they had slain within half an hour after starting." The waters, and their borders, of the famous Lava Beds where the Modoc Indians defied the United States, are "one vast zoological garden." It is only necessary to take up a station beside a tarn, and the sportsman may choose among twenty-five several species of quadrupeds, from antelopes, hares, and mountain sheep to the grizzly bear, which cannot climb, but will stalk a hunter up a tree, and wait till he drops. For birds, "they can be counted only by the million." In the morning the phalanxes of male birds go off to their feeding-grounds by families. They return in the same order at night. Mr. Murphy once watched the exodus, and "it took at least three hours for the cloud of feathers to pass beyond sight." The buffalo is to be found in only a portion of the region traversed by Mr. Murphy. Formerly it grazed in Oregon; but he knows of none west of the Rocky Mountains now except a few wanderers. How long it will exist anywhere is uncertain. On an average, the American peltry hunters kill, we are told in our author's large way, a million a year. Mr. Murphy does not care how soon the Indian disappears; but there is one thing in his favour. "He never destroys the life of a valuable animal needlessly; hence probably the reason why he and all wild animals dwell in close proximity; whereas the presence of a white man there will send them scampering off in a very short time, and the chances are that they never return." Game makes the Indian's flocks and herds, and he husbands his supplies.

The country shows itself in Mr. Murphy's bright and vivid narrative as strangely beautiful as it is fruitful in all varieties of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth. He is even unjust to his theme when he exults over the absence of any "crumbling ruins to recall regretful memories of the past." The past is recalled abundantly, and that is one of the charms of this marvellous land. In every forest may be found the graves of a dying race. The tourist suddenly lights upon some ancient Indian skeleton placed in his canoe that he may find it ready to paddle down the streams of the other world. The canoe is pierced that sacrilegious hands may not leave the dead dependent upon Charon. It is not anticipated that intruders will be either so audacious or such clever carpenters as, like Mr. Murphy, to patch up the holes, and use the bony owner's boat for exploring the woodland streams. Flitting to and fro through the wilderness are the living Indians, as spiritually dead as a race as their buried forefathers. Here are as "crumbling ruins" as any Europe can show. There is another kind of past, in relics of which the land is rich. In the Lava Beds may be traced a physical tragedy, the war of volcanic fires. There are problems of science to be solved in the Mound Prairie; and Mr. Murphy courageously solves them after a contrary method to that of Agassiz. There are sparkling cascades everywhere; some, like the Shoshone Falls, "excelled only by Niagara and the falls of the Missouri in volume, while they outrank all in diversity of form and contrast of surroundings." Idaho has its extraordinary City of Rocks, eccentric and gloomy, though too devoid of colour to "become a Mecca for the æsthetic lovers of nature." Wyoming has its "painted mountains" worn by thousands of years into temples, amphitheatres, domes, and Gothic churches; cemeteries of the mastodon, oreodon, and titanothereum. Mr. Murphy calls the hills which have undergone these geological transformations "a series of hillocks." Incidentally he remarks that they have an elevation of 6,731 feet. The river which runs beside them is emerald green. Near at hand is another depository of extinct mammals, the Red Canyon, "which furrows the mountains hundreds of feet in depth, and glares boldly in its robes of almost crimson red." To the west of the same territory of Wyoming is another "magical region," the Wind River Mountains, hiding gold and silver in the chasms of its snowy mountains, bubbling over with thermal springs, and imprisoning the Buffalo Bull Lake, which gives forth as deep, sullen, and solemn a roar as "the simultaneous bellows of hundreds of angry bisons." The wonders of the 3,575 square miles of the Yellowstone National Park are better known, thanks to Professor Hayden's magnificent report. But the Park is scarcely yet reduced to the state of a gentleman's pleasure grounds. Mr. Murphy for some time feared he should be unable to enter it. Indians, in fact, have a habit of scalping the picnic parties that they find on this American Hampstead Heath. He finally succeeded only through accompanying a party of "prospecting" miners. The Park is certainly the most astonishing museum of natural wonders the world can show. It revels in contraries. Streams of soot and mud alternate with streams of crystal, air exhilarating as champagne with air which deadens like sulphur. Olympian woods are bordered by stony deserts. A legion of geysers spout boiling streams into an atmosphere unbearably cold for eight months in the year, and never free from night frosts even from June to September. Above all, there is the Grand Canyon, "one of the most stupendous precipices in the world," and two sublime cataracts, the Yellowstone Falls, which have their birth within it.

Intending emigrants may be more than satisfied with Mr. Murphy's promises of heavy crops, good sport, and exquisite landscapes. They may still remain a little curious about the human neighbours they will find in the North-West. Mr. Murphy likes the people almost as well as their country. To travel safely through Southern Utah it seems to be necessary to affect to be a

"Jack Mormon"—that is, apparently, not a saint, but a sympathizer. Elsewhere in the North-West to be a stranger is a passport to friendliness. There are rogues, as in all new communities. Mr. Murphy gives an amusing account of a man he met on the stage-coach, who, having "got religion," had developed from a horse-stealer into a Methodist minister, and thence back again. But the people generally are represented by Mr. Murphy as hardworking and quiet, though with a dry humour. His description of the scene he witnessed on the last night of the Oregon legislative session, when the farce was gone through of electing a member of "the axe-grinding lobby" to the Speaker's chair, recalls indeed the revels of the Lord of Misrule or the Roy Bishop. The mining districts are exceptional. There the orgies are less innocent. At Helena, in Montana, for example, there is a tumult of drinking-saloons, with perpetual faro, roulette, and poker, and ladies who "receive half the value of the drinks paid for." But settled prosperity is making a change everywhere. Cheyenne, the metropolis of Wyoming, was only founded in 1867, and was at first a pandemonium. A Cheyenne citizen who had killed only his four men was not recognized as a gentleman, but as "a scrub." "Only ten men for breakfast" became an adage for dull times. A Vigilance Committee in three years hanged and shot "the leading gentlemen." What it began feminine influence might be supposed to be consolidating. Women in Wyoming exercise political and municipal privileges. Mr. Murphy describes how one female Rhadamanthus fined her husband five dollars for drunkenness, and refused to lend him the money to pay. As jurors, they are occasionally tempted to "sass back" when a judge represses their manifestations of feeling. Otherwise Wyoming appears to be fairly contented with the experiment. Defendants in breach of promise cases prefer a female jury; "for," as one such offender expressed it, "womin, knowin' how mighty quick a fellow is taken in, give a man some show; womin is things no man can know, and they know it." Mr. Murphy is less persuaded of the success of the innovation. He does not think the enfranchisement of Wyoming women has made Wyoming more moral. But then, we presume, Mr. Murphy never had to defend a breach of promise action.

The chief fault we have to find with Mr. Murphy's picture of one of the most interesting tracts of country in the world is that it perhaps wants shade. Life has its pleasant fringes no doubt in Oregon, or Washington, or Wyoming; but it has a hard substratum, as in all new countries. Mr. Murphy makes much of all the good, and skims very gently over the evil. Oregon may, as he says, be as free from venomous reptiles as if St. Patrick had evangelized it. But certainly others of the North-Western Territories do not enjoy an equal immunity. Black crickets, again, often leave the country east of the Cascade range completely barren. There may be abundance of newspapers; but for bodily sustenance during a journey the traveller depends on the station-houses, and at them it is "almost impossible to get a decent repast." To an ordinary English farmer, with less "sand" in him than enters into the composition of a North-Western teamster, it might even be a drawback to the most extraordinarily fertile soil that the Indians dispute the title to it, and "would be apt" to testify to their conviction by scalping settlers. Not every one would enjoy as keenly as Mr. Murphy the excitement of being woke up to guard a railway train from a cloud of murderous Sioux, or of being "bounced" suddenly while chasing elk, and witnessing the scalping of a companion by a party of the same tribe. North-Western prairies are a sea of gorgeous blossoms, but their admirer suddenly finds his flesh pierced to the bone by the thorns of a shrub suggestively named the Devil's Walking-stick. That is very much the kind of experience to which a settler in those virgin solitudes is liable. Yet there are natures subtle enough to appreciate the poetry of barbarism; and, again, others matter-of-fact enough to be callous to many of its horrors. To both natures, what Mr. Murphy justly designates a "magnificent empire of 579,697 square miles" offers natural wealth that the Lothians cannot match, and a prodigal variety of sport and scenery that Hungary and Switzerland cannot approach.

TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY.*

MESSRS. BESANT and RICE seldom fail to be lively; and the four stories they give us in this volume are all excellent of their kind. There is an agreeable variety in them, too, as we pass from a tale of the sea and smugglers, by way of Canadian farms, and through the city of London and financial affairs, back again to Canada in the days when the colony was under the Fleur-de-lys. Generally speaking, the authors are original before anything; and, since *Ready-money Mortiboy*, they have notably shown their eccentric freshness in *The Golden Butterfly* and *The Monks of Thelema*. But we are inclined to think that in this quartette of stories they are a trifle less original than usual. In *Trafalgar's Bay* we are frequently reminded of Mr. Blackmore, more especially as the author of *The Maid of Sker*; while Sir Jacob Escomb, who was "such a good man," recalls to us some of Douglas Jerrold's heroes. We merely record our impression, but do not care to dwell on it. In such unpretentious stories we are content to be amused; and Messrs. Besant and Rice have un-

* *'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay; and other Stories*. By Walter Besant and James Rice, Authors of "*Ready-money Mortiboy*," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

questionably amused us, though perhaps their manner is better adapted to those regulation novels which give more ample scope to the play of their fancy.

The tale that comes to its climax in Trafalgar Bay begins at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire. It is told in quaint and simple language by one Pleasance Noel, as John Ridd, of Dartmoor celebrity, related the adventures of Lorna Doone. Pleasance is the adopted daughter of a certain Dan Gulliver, who manages to thrive, in spite of hard times, on a small and poverty-stricken farm. The secret of Dan's prosperity, however, is no mystery to his neighbours. The old gentleman is one of the most daring smugglers in the English Channel, in the days when the heavy duties on French brandy made the free trade extraordinarily profitable. He plays a hazardous game no doubt, and runs serious risks. But no one thinks any the worse of him for his calling; he practises it with a conscience void of offence; and lives in the hearty enjoyment of life, universally liked and respected. His clergyman takes tithes of the kegs he has run. The very coastguard officer whose duty it is to hunt him down, and who would find his profit in a successful capture, patronizes his illicit cognac in the meantime, while waiting for a turn in the cards. Pleasance Noel, whom he has adopted out of kindness, is the involuntary cause of the trouble that befalls him. Pleasance, who is excessively pretty, turns a couple of heads. One is that of the shrewd and sober Joshua Meech; who, although ostensibly a miller as Gulliver is a farmer, is really an active partner in the smuggling business. Joshua is the regular villain of the nautical melodrama; we see at once in his downcast eyes and hangdog expression of face that he is not to be trusted; and so does Pleasance. Doubtless she would have repelled his advances in any case, but, unfortunately for her adopted family, she has set her affections on a rival. Young Will Campion, a gentleman by birth, has fallen over head and ears in love with her. Will Campion is as adventurous as he is susceptible, and he persuades old Dan, without much pressing, to let him go on board for one of the moonlight runs to the French coast. Joshua sees his opportunity; this time he stays at home, and lays an information with the chief of the coastguard. Snares are set for the *Dancing Polly* on her return; poor Pleasance gets wind of the treachery; she makes a desperate, but unsuccessful, effort to save her friends and her lover; and Dan, with crew and cargo, driven by wind and tide, drifts right into the arms of the expectant revenue officers. Then comes a very clever piece of comedy, which at the same time is highly characteristic. The lieutenant of the coastguard does his duty, though as it proves afterwards, greatly against his will. Though bound to act upon Meech's intelligence, in reality he had abused the informer in no measured terms. Once committed to the unpleasant business, he does his best to obtain a conviction; but Dan Gulliver has an influential friend at court. That is no other than the acting justice, who knows the source of his prosperity as well as anybody, being a constant customer for his illicit goods. The worthy magistrate is on the point of dismissing the case, when a piece of unexpected evidence turns up. The prisoners are sent for trial, and in course of time are condemned. England is in urgent need of seamen; and the sentence is that they shall serve His Majesty for three years. They are shipped on board the immortal *Victory*, and sail with Nelson for Trafalgar Bay; and have the honour, in their humble degree, of helping to win that famous victory. Meanwhile the abandoned Pleasance is like a lioness robbed of her mate. She has fathomed the treachery of Joshua Meech, and sets her feminine wits to work to be revenged on him. And her revenge is as complete in the end as the heart of woman could desire. She refuses Joshua her hand with contempt and disgust. She robs him of the accumulated treasure which he loves better than he loves her; and finally she betrays him into the hands of a press-gang, condoling with him on his capture with the most galling irony. Then the melodrama winds up in the good old fashion of the stage. Gulliver comes home hale and hearty, and not greatly cast down for the loss of one of his sons, who has been cut in two in Trafalgar Bay by a chain shot. Will Campion likewise turns up all safe, though he tumbled overboard and had been reported as drowned; while retributive justice is capped in the case of Meech by his having both his legs carried away in the action.

"Shepherds all and Maidens Fair" is a more fantastic and far-fetched title than the other. There is no mistake as to the identity of the maiden fair. She is a certain Lettice Langton who has been adopted like Pleasance, but in very different circumstances. Pleasance was the pet of a hearty old man, and had run wild on the picturesque cliffs of the Dorset coast. Lettice has been reared in the parish of Great St. Simon Apostle, in the grimmest shadows of the City smoke, and the gentleman who has adopted her is a misanthropic original, who is far more liberal of his money than of his tenderness. To Lettice amid these ungenial surroundings comes John Pomeroy, who, we presume, is meant to do duty for the shepherds. At least, he is a well-to-do young Canadian farmer, who comes to London on certain affairs of his own, in which Mr. Ashton, who is Lettice's guardian, proves to be deeply interested. He falls desperately in love with the fair maiden; and there is very good excuse for that. Messrs. Besant and Rice have the art of drawing attractive girls, and of varying their types as fast as they multiply them; and Lettice is not the least engaging of their creations. She is spirited, self-reliant, and intelligent, yet perfectly simple and modest. She and the straightforward John Pomeroy get on capitally together. We do not believe for a moment that she is playing the innocent when she lets

the swain take her for an outing in fashionable London, where he makes purchases wholesale with the intention of presenting them to her. It is an admirable scene where his charming companion is unconsciously trying on bonnets and cloaks, and giving her opinion on lockets and articles of jewelry. That she should accept them subsequently upon frank explanations is all of a piece with the candour of her nature. But circumstances speedily occur which make her still more deeply indebted to Mr. Pomeroy. He chivalrously goes to the rescue of her scapegrace brother, who has been lost to the sight of his relatives and employers, under circumstances which seem to convict him of theft and embezzlement. How Pomeroy finds the boy and clears his character we must leave our readers to learn for themselves. We shall only say that the principal actor in the episode is an extremely amusing literary Frenchman, who is come to London in search of English sensations for the Parisians, and who thinks his valuable services richly rewarded by the narrative he can forward to the journal to which he contributes.

"Such a good Man" is a story of higher City life. Sir Jacob Escomb is a successful manufacturer, speculator, and financier, who is still more generally known as a munificent philanthropist. We are first introduced to him at a grand City banquet, which is described, with some of the representative guests, with the authors' accustomed spirit and humour. Sir Jacob's great idea, which he loses no opportunity of promulgating in most eloquent and impressive speeches, is that millionaires ought to acknowledge their responsibilities by a liberal drawing of cheques. Of course our instincts let us at once into the secrets of his nature. Sir Jacob trades on his high character, and his speeches, with his cheques by way of peroration, are worth any amount of credit to him. So much so that when he passes into fraudulent insolvency, his reputation suffices to float him through his difficulties. Here the satire of the authors is rather overstrained; but, indeed, all the figures of the story are drawn more or less in extravagant caricature, except perhaps Rose Escomb, Sir Jacob's niece, who occupies a similar position in his establishment to that of Pleasance Noel in Gulliver's, and Lettice Langton in Mr. Ashton's. Rose, like Pleasance, has a couple of lovers, and she is placed in the course of the tale in an exquisitely trying dilemma. She has promised herself to Julian Carteret, whom she loves with all her heart. But her bankrupt uncle, in his supreme necessity, makes a passionate appeal to her. He is compromised, though not beyond probability of redemption if circumstances should only play into his hands. He has misappropriated Julian's fortune, but he is confident of restoring it intact if he is tied over his present difficulties. That Rose can do for him by marrying an old playmate, who is willing in that case to become the manufacturer's partner, and who has patented an invaluable invention that must yield enormous profits. The loving Rose learns something of her high-minded uncle when he is stripping his mansion of his valuable works of art while virtuously insisting on handing over to the creditors all the little knickknacks she delights in. She consents to devote herself for his welfare and for the redemption of the fortune of her despairing lover; but, if the pangs of her sacrifice are sharp, they are short. The man to whom she has plighted herself under compulsion is generous; he signs the deed of partnership, though he resigns the lady, and all comes right in the end to everybody. The weak point is that the silver-tongued hypocrite, whose ingrained rascality has created the situation, escapes the penalty of his deliberate misdeeds, and saves his reputation as well as his wealth. But, the story being more of a farce than a drama, we may condone the immorality of the *dénouement* for the fun of the previous scenes.

SCHOMBERG'S ODYSSEY.*

HERE is another chance for the English readers whom Mr. Frederic Harrison advises to desert magazine verse for the study of "the Bible of the Greeks." It is not improbable that the number of students whom mere curiosity attracts to Homer will increase as time goes on, and as archaeological discoveries multiply. Homer is no longer a voice out of an unknown antiquity; the Achæans and the Danaans are no longer the "children of the mist," who appear for a moment in the sunlight of the epics and vanish again into the night, like Æneas when Aphrodite veiled him with a cloud. By means of the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments we are learning to bring Homer, and even his heroes, within the sphere of human and historical relations. The attempt of Dr. Brugsch to prove that the invaders of Egypt in the fourteenth century before our era were not the famed Achæans, Sardinians, and Danaans, but pirates from the Caucasus, has not by any means found favour with Egyptologists. It will be even harder to make classical scholars believe that the ancestors of "the gallant Lazi" of Batoum, who in Strabo's time were petty pirates and neighbours of "the Lice-eaters," could shake in the age of Rhamses III. the colossal Empire of Egypt. Meantime the British Museum is in possession of actual documents of the age to which Herodotus assigns Homer. On the bronze gates of Shalmaneser (850 B.C.) are represented his conquests over Greeks, who, if Herodotus was right, were the contemporaries of the poet. There they stand, the Achæans with their long locks, their round bucklers, their chitons, their greaves, their Corinthian helmets, fronting the power of Assyria. This is probably the first absolutely authentic trace of Homer's men in

* *The Odyssey of Homer. Rendered into English Verse.* By G. A. Schomberg, C.B., General. London: John Murray. 1879.

history, though archaeologists are now all but unanimous in favour of the remote antiquity of the Mycenaean treasure; and as science acquires more of these documents the interest in the Homeric poems must naturally increase.

General Schomberg is thus to be congratulated on having chosen an opportune moment for publishing his translation of the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*. The translation is in blank verse, and General Schomberg shows in his brief preface that he understands the difficulties of that vehicle. Mr. Worsley observed (*Odyssey*, p. viii., 1868) that "the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of both Chapman and Pope are read, while Cowper is neglected, and this seems to indicate, among other things, that blank verse will not in these long narrative poems sustain the interest of the general reader." Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, in his essays on Homeric translation, essays so full of brilliant ideas, has remarked that "the inversion and pregnant conciseness" of Miltonic blank verse are eminently unlike the movement of the Homeric hexameter. It does not follow, however, that there are not other styles of blank verse which more nearly approach the Homeric simplicity and rapidity. The style of Mr. Tennyson, delightful as it is, and invaluable as an *Odyssey* from his pen would be, is not sufficiently swift in long narrative; the lines seem to pause to taste their own sweetness. If there is a blank verse which can be used in Homeric translation, it is that employed by Mr. Arnold himself in "*Sohrab and Rustum*":—

Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind:
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.

In his version of the *Odyssey* General Schomberg has employed blank verse as simple as this, but almost devoid of music. As a fair example of the style of General Schomberg, employed on perhaps the most magical passage in the *Odyssey*, we quote the description of Helen pouring nepenthe of Egypt into the mixing-bowl:—

He spoke, and his attendant diligent,
Asphalion, poured water on their hands,
Which they upon the ready vintads laid.
This did moreover Helen, child of Jove,
She in the wine which they were drinking cast
A drug, which strife and sorrow lulls to sleep
And brings forgetfulness of every ill:
Who'er may quaff this mingled in his cup,
No tear will he let fall within that day;
Not if his father or his mother die;
Or if a brother, or beloved son,
Be smitten down before his very eyes:
Such was the wondrous drug, of virtue rare,
Which to Jove's daughter Polydamna gave,
The wife of Thon, in Egypt; where the soil
Prolific, drugs and herbs in plenty bears;
Some of rare virtue, some of deadly bane:
Here they who know the healing art excel,
For from Paeon's race they all are sprung.
She mixed this wondrous potion in the bowl,
And bade them fill the cups; and thus she spoke.

Now let us compare the version of Worsley, who enjoys the advantages in point of music, but has also to meet the difficulties, of the Spenserian stanza:—

Then Helena, the child of Zeus, strange things
Devised, and mixed a philtre in their wine,
Which so cures heartache and the inward stings
That men forget all sorrow wherein they pine.
He who hath tasted of the draught divine
Weeps not that day, although his mother die,
Or father, or cut off before his eye.
Brother or child beloved fall miserably,
Hewn by the pitiless sword, he sitting silent by.
Drugs of such virtue did she keep in store,
Given her by Polydamna, wife of Thon,
In Egypt, where the rich glebe evermore
Yields herbs in foison, some for virtue known,
Some baneful. In that climate each doth own
Leechcraft beyond what mortal minds attain,
Since of Paeonian stock their race hath grown.
She the good philtre mixed to charm their pain,
And bade the wine outpour, and answering spake again.

Now General Schomberg's reason for using blank verse (he proves, in the Siren's song, that he can handle rhyme very well) is this:—"I am convinced it is not possible to give a faithful rendering of so long a poem in verse, with the additional burden of rhyme." But is he more faithful than Mr. Worsley, who uses a very complicated system of rhyme? Let us examine the two versions. Where General Schomberg says, "this did moreover Helen," Mr. Worsley has chosen to keep closer to

ἡ δ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησεν Ἑλένη, Διὸς ἐκεργαυία,

but to add a romantic refinement to the meaning of ἄλλα, "Then Helen, child of Zeus, devised strange things." Again, General Schomberg omits χαλκῷ, where Mr. Worsley has "hewn by the pitiless sword." If General Schomberg cared to be exact, he never would render κοπήν "cup," for the κοπήν is the bowl in which the wine and the philtre were mixed. The κοπήν was a conspicuous article in the heroic hall, and it is just as well to be accurate about it. Mr. Worsley has to get a rhyme to wine, and may be pardoned for introducing "the draught divine" out of his own head. Once more, why does General Schomberg say "Such was

the wondrous drug"? φάρμακα is plural, there is nothing more poetical in making it singular, and Mr. Worsley says, with perfect literalness, "drugs of such virtue did she keep in store," where General Schomberg omits to keep close to

Τοῖα Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἔχε φάρμακα μνηϊόεντα
ἑσθλά.

At the end of the passage General Schomberg mistranslates, and entirely misses the meaning of Homer. The Greek lines are:—

ἰητροὺς δὲ ἕκαστος ἐπιστάμενος περὶ πάντων
ἀνθρώπων.

This means, "There each man is a physician more skilled than all other mortals." The point is important, as illustrating Homer's knowledge of Egypt. There, according to Herodotus, medicine was much specialized, so that there were many practitioners (πάντα δ' ἰητρῶν ἐστὶ πλεῖα), while people had the habit of dosing themselves with purgatives; and thus literally, as Homer says, each and every man was a physician. Now General Schomberg misses this, and says:—

Here they who know the healing art excel,
whereas Homer says they all know the healing art. Mr. Worsley, as usual, is accurate:—

In that climate each doth own
Leechcraft beyond what mortal minds attain.

This is not a very simple way of putting Homer's meaning, but it does give the meaning, and General Schomberg does not.

From the comparison which we have made of the renderings of a passage chosen merely for its rare beauty it will be manifest that blank verse does not necessarily mean accuracy. This being so, it seems a pity to throw away the charm of rhyme. We have no form of verse that is equal to the Homeric hexameter, with its unwearying flow and its pellucid clearness. Rhyme, however, we possess, and even in rhyme, as has been shown, a measure of exactness can be attained of which General Schomberg's blank verse frequently falls short. Let us quote another passage, in which he is very exact, though we differ from his interpretation of one line:—

At last to him in doubt this seemed the best;
A wood he sought, which in the open grew,
Close to the waterside; two bosky shrubs
Together stood; of fruitful olives one,
Of wild the other; no mist-laden wind
Could with its blast search through their foliage,
Nor could the sun pierce through them with his beams,
Nor any shower through them penetrate;
So close and thick they interlacing grew:
Ulysses there lay down, and with his hands
An ample lair he heaped up for himself;
For fallen leaves lay thick upon the ground;
Enough in winter, in the bitter cold,
Two or three wayfarers to shelter there.
The suffering chief rejoiced to see the leaves,
And lay down in their midst, and heaped them round.
As one who in a solitary place,
Remote, where dwellers there are none, may hide
A burning brand beneath the ashes dark,
Nursing the seed of fire, lest when afar
The spark burst forth and kindle into flame;
Thus did Ulysses shroud himself with leaves;
And Pallas o'er his eyes soft slumber cast,
And closed his jaded eyelids in repose,
That he might rest from all his weary toil.

Here we have to object to the lines:—

Nursing the seed of fire, lest when afar
The spark burst forth and kindle into flame.

These are intended to represent

σπέρμα πυρὸς σάωζων, ἵνα μὴ ποθεν ἄλλοθεν αἶσος.

Surely it makes better sense to say, "that he may not have to get a light from some other place," as he would be forced to do, if he did not "nurse the seed of fire." Otherwise the simile is less applicable, for Odysseus is afraid that the spark of life in him will go out, not that it will burst forth in a blaze. Mr. Worsley has been obliged to omit a full rendering.

We have marked several passages in which General Schomberg appears inaccurate or doubtfully correct. Let us give two examples. In *Od.* iii. 26 *Athene* says:—

Τηλέμαχ', ἄλλα μὲν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῆσι νοήσεις,
ἄλλα δὲ καὶ δαίμων ὑποθήσεται.

Here Mr. Worsley correctly translates the two opposed ἄλλα—

Telemachus, thine own mind will conceive
Somewhat, and other will a god suggest.

General Schomberg misses the point, and writes:—

Telemachus, thou wilt think otherwise,
A god will give thee skilful utterance.

About the other passage to which we refer there may be two opinions (*iv.* 354):—

νῆσος ἐπειτὰ τίς ἐστι πολυκλύστηρ ἐνὶ πάντῳ
Αἰγύπτου προπάροιθε, Φάρον δὲ ἐκ κηλῆσκουσιν,
τόσσον ἄνευθ' ὅσσον τε πανημερίῃ γλαφυρῇ νῆς
ἦνυσεν, κ.τ.λ.

Here General Schomberg takes Αἰγύπτου to be Egypt. There seems little doubt (*cf.* Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, i. p. 7) that Ebeling and Seiler are right when they take Αἰγύπτου to be the Nile. Otherwise the topography is hopelessly wrong.

All translations of Homer are mere efforts towards that per-

fection to which Mr. Worsley comes nearer than any other writer. Towards the ideal translation, however, each new enterprise may contribute something. General Schomberg lends the example of complete simplicity; but he constantly shows ignorance of or indifference to the opinion of scholars, while his verse is rather bald and tame. On the other hand—and it is the rarest virtue in a translator—he never embellishes. He has many felicitous expressions—how good this is for *πεμπάζεται*, in the story of Proteus (a story here retold with admirable humour)—

When he has told them on his fingers five.

Again, for *ἐλέγχιστε ζώοντων*,

Begone, most reprobate of living souls

When he deals with the difficult passages about the tackling of ships, we have always found General Schomberg most lucid and correct. We do not think his a final translation. With a form of verse so simple as his blank verse is, we expect a more wakeful attention to minute points of scholarship, and sometimes to weightier matters. For example, in the description which Odysseus gives (ix. 120) of the isle in front of the land of the Cyclops, General Schomberg does not preserve the conditional character of the whole. "That would be the place for a colony" is the half-expressed thought of Odysseus, the soil would bear well, the grapes, if planted, would be prosperous, men would reap heavy harvests:—

*μᾶλα κεν βαθὺ λίμον αἰεὶ
εἰς ὥρας ἀμύεν.*

In short all

at human touch

Would take the seasons well, and yield exceeding much.

General Schomberg strangely supposes that vines are there already and heavy harvests:—

Rich vines are there, and level ground for corn,
And heavy and unfailing is the yield
At reaping time, rich is the soil beneath.

In rendering the second half of the *Odyssey* General Schomberg will doubtless cease to translate *ἔδνα* "dowry," an institution unfamiliar to Homer. He must give more attention to accuracy if he wishes his book to be valued by scholars, and must aim at more varied movement of verse if he would win popular favour.

ARNOLD'S MIXED ESSAYS.*

THESE essays, though they treat of various subjects, are yet, as Mr. Arnold points out in the preface, stamped by a common tendency and aim. The same, indeed, may be said of his writings as a whole. To make war upon the political and literary idols of the middle class, to rescue and bring into prominence forgotten or neglected elements of civilization, has been the main purpose of Mr. Arnold's critical efforts. It may be questioned whether that perfect balance of judgment about which he talks so often and so well has been always preserved by himself; whether his keen sense of the defective sides in English literature and life does not at times lead him to exalt unduly those who possess aptitudes and perceptions which he sees wanting around him; whether, in short, at the end of twenty years his criticism will not have to undergo revision on a good many points. But it will be strongly felt by many who have watched the course of events in England during the last ten or fifteen years, that in the main Mr. Arnold has said the right thing and said it at a time when it was sorely needed. If some of his criticism, especially of his social and political criticism, is growing out of date, the change is due in a considerable measure to Mr. Arnold himself. It would certainly be inaccurate to speak of young Liberals at the present time—men, say, of thirty years of age—in the terms that might have been truly applied to the young Liberal party at the death of Lord Palmerston. Few probably of the former, except perhaps some who have taken to politics too early and have been entangled in them, have that robust, unquestioning belief in the great points of the Liberal programme, or indeed of any political programme at all, which their elders had a few years ago. In most of the young or middle-aged Liberals now prominent in Parliament one cannot help noticing, in spite of what are termed the extreme views of some of them, an absence of that genuine, almost devout, faith in the Liberal cause as the one thing needful which still characterizes the survivors of the Reform campaign of 1832, and which has given such confidence and energy to the action of the Liberal party in the past. It is clear that of late years new forces have been at work, operating at first silently and obscurely, dissolving old political creeds, undermining old political parties, and tending, not necessarily in any way to weaken conviction, but certainly to make men eclectic in their politics, and unwilling to label themselves, without further explanation, as either Liberal or Conservative. By those members of either party whose minds are made up about everything, or, in other words, are inactive about many things, this attitude is put down to indifference, or indecision, or a want of earnestness. But to those who have a true sense of the conditions of the time, and of the transformation which politics in this country are now undergoing, there is nothing in the change which is not natural, and in many ways salutary.

A good half of this volume is taken up with political discussion;

* *Mixed Essays*. By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1879.

the rest is given to literature. But it is one of the many merits of Mr. Arnold's criticism that he is always and fully conscious of the play and reaction, one upon the other, of the many forces which go to make up civilization, of the influence of literature upon politics and of politics upon literature, and of both upon religion. It is this which distinguishes him from many excellent specialists in criticism, and which gives to his writings a peculiar value. One contrasts, for instance, the soundness of his scattered judgments on Shelley—who is a sort of test-poet to show the powers of a critic—with the rhapsodies given as criticism by several very accomplished men. Shelley is a poet by whom it is easy to be altogether fascinated; the charm which his poetry has for a certain class of susceptibilities is almost irresistible. To feel the charm and yet not be subjugated by it, or blinded by it to the serious defects of his work in other respects, is what few readers succeed in doing. Mr. Arnold is a student of practical affairs as well as of literature, and his criticisms of both have only gained by the union. The opening essay in this book—that on Democracy—first published many years ago, contains in germ much that the writer has said more fully since. With many other observers, Mr. Arnold sees the inevitable advance of democracy, an advance which legislation cannot, at the most, do more than slightly retard; which goes on, whether we like it or not; and which human contrivance, though unable to stop it, can and ought to guide into beneficent channels. The essay on Democracy should be read in connexion with that on Equality, which was delivered as a lecture and published as a magazine article a few months ago:—

Can any one deny [says Mr. Arnold, in the former essay] that a certain approach to equality, or, at any rate, a certain reduction of signal inequalities, is a natural instinctive demand of that impulse which drives society as a whole—no longer individuals and limited classes only, but the mass of a community—to develop itself with the utmost possible fullness and freedom? Can it be denied that to live in a society of equals tends in general to make a man's spirits expand and his faculties work easily and actively; while to live in a society of superiors, though it may occasionally be a very good discipline, yet in general tends to tame the spirits and to make the play of the faculties less secure and active? Can it be denied that to be heavily overshadowed, to be profoundly insignificant, has, on the whole, a depressing and benumbing effect on the character? I know that some individuals react against the strongest impediments, and owe success and greatness to the efforts which they are thus forced to make. But the question is not about individuals. The question is about the common bulk of mankind, persons without extraordinary gifts or exceptional energy, and who will ever require, in order to make the best of themselves, encouragement and directly favouring circumstances. Can any one deny that for these the spectacle, when they would rise, of a condition of splendour, grandeur, and culture which they cannot possibly reach has the effect of making them flag in spirit and of disposing them to sink back despondingly into their own condition?

Mr. Arnold goes on to hold up for our guidance the example of France, as he did again last year in the essay on "Equality." It is curious to notice that M. Renan, who has French democracy constantly under his eyes, sees the only cure for the ills which afflict his country in a return to aristocratic forms of society. And those who look on politics as a matter of taste or imagination only will have no difficulty in finding plenty of arguments in support of such a view. But there are sufficient objections to any attempt at reversing the democratic current in France or any other country. In the first place the thing is impossible; neither are the elements to be found out of which an exclusive and predominant aristocracy such as existed a century ago could be formed; nor would the numerical majority in whose hands political power now lies ever permit it. Despotism is as possible as ever; perhaps more so. But a limited class living in wealth, power, and splendour, keeping the social and political stage to itself, admired, obeyed, and followed by the masses—a class of this kind is becoming more and more of an anachronism every year. And, secondly, the inevitable price which would have to be paid for such an aristocracy—namely, the depression of the bulk of the people—is too heavy. Elegies over an irrecoverable past are not for practical men. Nor is our historical experience sufficient to warrant the assertion, so often made, that equality necessarily means a second-rate culture and a vulgar ideal of life. Something there is in it, no doubt, which tends in that direction, unless corrected. But when once it is clearly recognized that the movement towards equality is the result of natural and irreversible tendencies, those who have at heart a high culture and a noble ideal of life will at any rate know where they are. They will be at least freed from the temptation, so seductive to many imaginative natures, to legislate for a world that has gone by, and that can never come back again.

One essay—which will be to many readers the most thoroughly satisfactory in the whole book—sets forth the opinions of a French critic, M. Scherer, on Milton, with a commentary upon them by Mr. Arnold. The mention of French criticism on this subject recalls to one's mind what Voltaire once called Milton—"l'auteur d'un poème barbare sur la pomme d'Adam"—or the views of another and more admiring critic and translator belonging to the same nation, who, in all good faith, represents the relations between Eve and the Archangel in a light compromising to both. M. Scherer's estimate of Milton, though it does not err on the side of eulogy, is on the whole just and sound. The extracts quoted by Mr. Arnold, and the filling in of his own, are equally admirable. A few pages are given at the outset by Mr. Arnold to Macaulay's Essay on Milton, and to Macaulay's literary position in general:—

Human progress consists in a continual increase of the number of those who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone and to feel the pleasures of sense only, come to participate in the intellectual life also and to find en-

joyment in the things of the mind. The enjoyment is not at first very discriminating. Rhetoric, brilliant writing, gives to such persons pleasure for its own sake; but it gives them pleasure still more when it is employed in commendation of a view of life which is on the whole theirs, and of men and causes with which they are naturally in sympathy. *The immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind.* It is said that the traveller in Australia, visiting one settler's hut after another, finds again and again that the settler's third book, after the Bible and Shakespeare, is some work by Macaulay. Nothing can be more natural. The Bible and Shakespeare may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them which he feels to be his also; the persons and causes praised are those which he is himself disposed to admire; the persons and causes blamed are those with which he is himself out of sympathy; the rhetoric employed to praise or blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civilizer. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth, and confirms it.

But then, as Mr. Arnold goes on to say, the time comes when this nascent taste for the things of the mind becomes more developed, when the interest in them grows deeper and more serious, and when the need to understand them, to see them as they really are, becomes paramount. No talk about them, however brilliant and attractive, will then satisfy, unless it helps us to get a vital hold upon them. And this Macaulay's criticism fails to do. More and more one grows discontented with his absolute judgments, with his artificial antitheses, with his want of delicacy, of shading, of intermediate tints. The qualities by virtue of which he is so admirable as a rhetorician are precisely those in which lies his infirmity as a critic. Rhetorical effect would not only gain nothing, but would lose nearly everything, by the scrupulous moderation, the studious endeavour to see things in their actual relations, whether this insight tells for or against our own personal likings, which criticism requires. Rhetoric, no doubt, is a great source of pleasure—of very high pleasure to minds that have a feeling for style. But one goes to criticism for another purpose. Even those who have most leisure cannot read everything; and many who care for intellectual matters have very little leisure and can read but little. It is therefore of the first importance that there should be those who can undertake the sifting process which the increasing mass of literature in the world renders more and more needful, and can tell the bulk of readers what is most worth spending time over, and give them a clue by which they can read what they do read with most intelligence and enjoyment. And a writer like Macaulay, who gives his readers a number of confident, hard-and-fast judgments, nearly all of which they will have to unmake and remodel when their own minds become more mature, may have many merits and may be ever so readable, but is certainly not a good critic. "The critic," says Mr. Arnold, "who rightly appreciates a great man or a great work, and who can tell us faithfully, life being short and art long, and false information very plentiful, what we may expect from their study and what they can do for us, he is the critic we want, by whatever methods, intuitive or historical, he may have managed to get his knowledge."

Throughout the article on Milton, Mr. Arnold, except in his remarks upon Macaulay, acts chiefly as the introducer of M. Scherer to English readers; and the case is the same with the article entitled "A French Critic on Goethe." Valuable as is all that is quoted from M. Scherer, one would have been glad to have more of Mr. Arnold's opinion on both poets. Speaking of Milton's rhythm and diction, Mr. Arnold says:—"Shakespeare himself, divine as are his gifts, has not, of all the marks of the master, this one perfect sureness of hand in his style. Alone of English poets, alone in English art, Milton has it; he is our great artist in style, our one first-rate master in the grand style. He is as truly a master in this style, as the great Greeks are, or Virgil, or Dante." Nothing could be juster than this. But with a good deal that Mr. Arnold says about Goethe one does not feel equally satisfied. One can easily understand, after all that Mr. Carlyle and others have written about Goethe, after the devout acceptance as a new gospel, by so many people during so many years, of all that Goethe ever said, after the wearisome allegories and the lumbering symbolism of which his later works are full have been so long proclaimed to be gold-mines of wisdom—one can easily understand after this that a sober critic will be inclined to weigh the praise he gives very strictly. Still, though more cordial than M. Scherer, Mr. Arnold does not appear to us to do full justice to Goethe's poetical greatness. However, in other respects he does him very ample justice. "Goethe is the greatest poet of modern times, not because he is one of the half-dozen human beings who in the history of our race have shown the most signal gift for poetry, but because, having a very considerable gift for poetry, he was at the same time, in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man."

It is needless to add that these essays are full of interest and suggestiveness. The book closes with a tribute to the memory of George Sand, whom, admirable as she is in many ways, Mr. Arnold, we think, is disposed to overestimate. He takes the opportunity of firing a passing shot at M. Victor Hugo—"half genius, half charlatan," as he calls him.

LIFE OF DR. JOHN WILSON.*

SCOTCH Presbyterianism, in each of the divisions into which it has been split, has rendered essential service to the intellectual development of India. There would seem to be something in the mysterious systems of the Brahmanic, the Buddhist, and the Parsi religions which possesses a peculiar charm for the metaphysical mind of Scotchmen. The names of Duff, of Murray Mitchell, and of Ogilvie are familiar, as is also that of the subject of the present memoir, to all who have studied the story of India, and of the relations, intellectual and spiritual, of the conquerors towards the conquered races of that land. The attractions which India has had for the missionary have been not less potent than those which have drawn the trader and the soldier to its shores. If it has presented a field of material and commercial enterprise almost boundless in extent, it has at the same time challenged the Christian teacher to confront the greatest problem which the Church has had brought before her since Greece and Rome acknowledged her sway. The methods of attack that have been adopted have been as diverse as the tenets of the representatives of the various systems which have in turn been offered to India in exchange for her ancestral superstitions. While Jesuit Fathers have attempted to storm the strongholds of heathenism, and have baptized whole clans after a brief course of instruction, other teachers, not less successful in their way nor less earnest in their efforts, have been content with an intellectual acquiescence on the part of their pupils in the truths of Christianity, and have refrained from urging them to receive baptism, from a curious mixture of motives which shrinks from the risk of profaning a sacrament of whose necessity no very profound conviction is entertained. Americans and Scotchmen have always been found in this last-named class; they have been educators, and generally have shown great faith in the power of the press and the spread of secular knowledge. Theirs has been a Fabian policy; they have been content to sap, where others have thrown themselves headlong against, the walls of heathendom; and their work, thus carried on, has been so slow in producing the results which avowedly they aimed at that by the world its very character has been lost sight of. They have been regarded, as the subject of this book is described by his biographer on his title-page, as philanthropists and scholars, but not as missionaries; and if this has been the impression of those who have looked on their daily lives with admiration and sympathy, it is no far stretch of imagination if we conceive it more than likely that their evangelistic ambition has never been realized by the people whom they desired to convert.

What manner of man John Wilson was we need not go to his biographer to learn. A most competent and impartial observer remarked, while he was yet in the full swing of work, that he "possessed in an eminent degree all the typical excellences and powers of a highly educated Scotch clergyman; he neglected no branch of human learning which came in his way; classical and Oriental scholars, philologists and antiquaries, geologists and politicians, all lamented that he did not pay exclusive attention to their own favourite branch of study; but none could complain of him as negligent or indifferent. All his human learning, however, was devoted to the missionary cause, and mainly to education, which he believed was intended to be the chief handmaid of missionary work in India; and all his proceedings were directed with a prudence, judgment, and consistent perseverance which is rare in any profession."

Even if their labours had gone no further than the civilization and the secular education of our Hindoo fellow-subjects, the missionary body would have made the country their debtor. They have worked on the highest principles in a field where no promotion awaited them, on stipends such as no City clerk would accept, and which many of the Baboos whom they have educated would despise. In this body Wilson could claim a high position. While yet at the University his mind was set on missionary work, and he formed an association among his fellow-students "for the diffusion of the Gospel." That they might go forth each in his turn competently equipped he brooked neither idleness in the scholar nor inefficiency among the teachers, and an amusing story is told of his presiding over a meeting of theological students who sent a request to a Professor who was deaf and purblind as well as inaudible and unintelligible, but who clung to his fees and chair, that he would appoint a substitute. He also realized the value of medical knowledge to a missionary, and studied physical science, anatomy, and surgery. Landing in India in 1829 with his bride, who had been selected for him almost after the fashion of the Moravians, who supply their missionaries' domestic wants by lot, he immediately set himself resolutely to the study of the vernaculars. Where others—civilians, soldiers, or missionaries—were content with mastering one language, Wilson acquired Maratee, Goojaratee, Hindostanee, and Persian, besides publishing a Hebrew and Maratee Grammar for the Jews of Bombay who are known as Beni-Israel, claiming to have descended from the Ten Tribes. Having also acted on Chalmers's axiom, "The business of the missionary is with man," and studied from the lips of their respective champions the Brahmanical, Mahomedan, and non-Aryan systems and philosophies, he was ready to challenge all comers, and in their own tongues to argue with them and to meet

* *The Life of John Wilson, D.D., F.R.S., for Fifty Years Philanthropist and Scholar in the East.* By George Smith, LL.D., &c. London: John Murray. 1878.

† Sir Bartle Frere's article on "Indian Missions" in the *Church and the Age*. London: John Murray. 1873.

their difficulties. On this system of bazaar preaching, in which he was an adept, and which no doubt ministered to him a harmless gratification such as men always feel in doing easily what to others is a difficult task, and on education, religious and secular, Wilson relied as the best means of effecting the object to which he had dedicated his life. In both respects he differed from men who were quite as competent as himself to form an opinion; but, if he erred, his error was only one of judgment. Moreover, in 1829 the normal conception of a missionary was associated with ill-drawn pictures of a man in more or less clerical garb, who stood under a tree with an open book held out at arm's length, and expounded to a select audience of persons of colour. More than a quarter of a century had elapsed since Wilson's landing in India when Bishop Cotton, drawing his conclusions from the experiences of those years, declared that "daily disputing" in bazaars or under trees had better be abandoned until intellectual Orientals, built up in sound learning, could undertake it. In the missionary preaching of those times there was a radical error which a study of the Pauline method would have corrected. When he challenged Hindoo, Parsee, and Mussulman to the combat, it was because in his past labours he could see nothing of that "turning the world upside down" which appeared to him to be the whole sum of Apostolic method; in all his disputes, therefore, the destructive argument was freely used, and, where it was successful, its immediate result, while offering no new object of belief, was to destroy in the vanquished the Divine spark which had glimmered in their hearts, and which had comforted their forefathers for countless generations.

The same error runs through the system of education pursued by Dr. Wilson, and by the majority of missionaries even now; their avowed object is proselytism, but they are content to travel towards it by so circuitous a route that they never reach their goal. They teach Christianity as they teach mathematics, with the impression that the quickened intelligence of a Hindoo will sort each subject as he assimilates it, and will put one in the recesses of his conscience and the other in his brain. Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson pursued the same method in Calcutta and Bombay respectively, differing only in this, that Duff used English, while Wilson for many years insisted on the use of the vernacular. Probably it is the Presbyterian horror of the doctrine of reserve that leads such men to throw down before the heathen the profoundest mysteries of the Gospel, and to encourage Hindoo lads, with the marks of foul superstition on their foreheads, to be present when prayer is offered and hymns are sung by Christians. What could be expected to result in a school of 415 Hindoos under Dr. Wilson's charge from the offer of a prize of fifty rupees for "the best essay on the Spirituality of God"? The results of mission schools, as far as proselytism goes, have been wholly inadequate to the labour bestowed on them, and they are positively injurious in view of the distraction which they involve of the missionary's time from his proper work. They have also done incalculable harm to the cause which the missionary has at heart. "To Dr. Duff's energetic, eloquent, and persistent advocacy of the system of offering to the natives the best possible education in English, is more particularly due that singular movement which, under one form or another, as Vedantism or Brahmoism, has completely changed the relations of the best educated youth of Bengal towards the religion of their ancestors." These are the words of a friendly observer, Sir Bartle Frere. To persons who know that Brahmoism is an arrogant deism, fortified by that intellectual vanity which is the special temptation of Young Bengal, it will seem to be but a scanty result of so much labour in the field of what was thought to be religious education. It is not to be wondered at that missionaries, unwilling to admit their failures, point to groups of obsequious and polite youths whom they have educated until they have become graduates and Civil servants, and say, "These are Christians in all but name"; that Wilson remained on terms of closest intimacy with four generations of one family of whom not a single member became a Christian, or that, of the first two converts whom he won from Zoroastrianism and trained in Christianity, one was ordained by the Baptists and another by the Kirk. The great want of missionaries to the heathen appears to be a well-compiled manual of religious instruction, in which the truths of Christianity shall be gradually revealed to inquirers as they are able to bear them. Until such a manual shall have been written, they had better stick to the study of S. Augustine *De Catechizandis Rudibus*.

Wilson rendered much valuable service to the Government, especially when in the Mutiny the sepoys attempted to send treasonable letters through the post in dialects and characters which no one could decipher save the student missionary; probably, had he been less of a politician, he would have left more missionary results behind. He lived on good terms with men from whom he differed theologically *toto celo*, as, for example, the late Bishop Douglas, and he was valued by successive Governors and Viceroy. If, in his letters, which are spread over a long period, he occasionally has a fling at "Puseyism," and rejoices in the wrath of a Low Church Bishop of Madras when denouncing High Churchmen; if he thinks it "very liberal" when a chaplain allows him to preach to his English congregation in the regular course of his service; and if he misrepresents what actually happened, and claims Bishop Cotton as advising, instead of resisting, the joint use of English Churches by Presbyterians and Anglicans, we regard these things as indicative rather of the *animus* of his biographer than of any bitterness of spirit in the man whose work—and noble work it was too—is here recorded.

The very nobility of the life makes us regret that the story has not been better told. The writer has fallen into every snare which besets a biographer. He has given us a great deal of what may be called "Guide-book"; it would have been enough to record that Wilson was born at Lauder, without telling the world of a great many persons who happen to have been born within a few miles of the spot, or what "Edwards and Stewarts" may have done in that locality ages ago. We remonstrate against the nauseous anecdotes of a pious precocity which brought Wilson "under a conviction of sin" at three years of age, and led him to make "an early and a fruitful consecration" of himself at four. We feel tempted to skip over the crowded pages of small type which are mere journals after the fashion of the average Missionary Report, and we are offended ever and anon by exaggerated panegyric and hyperbole from which any man would have shrunk whose life deserves to be written for the instruction of those who come after him.

THE HOUR WILL COME.*

THE author of *Die Geier-Wally* cannot be congratulated on the performance which is translated into English under the name of *The Hour Will Come*. The book would be less intolerable than it is if it did not possess just enough cleverness to prevent one from throwing it down long before one arrives at the end of the more than disagreeable things which it contains. One does not naturally expect any very great things from a semi-religious, semi-historical novel, but one may fairly demand that horrors the relation of which could only be excused by the possession on the narrator's part of extraordinary power should not be presented in the pages of a novel which does not display any talent that can justly be called remarkable. This is one fault, and an important one, for which the writer is to be blamed; but in other matters also *The Hour Will Come* fails to show any reason why it should have been written or translated. It is a book which might serve as a most apt illustration for the people who delight to talk about what they call "German vagueness." It has throughout a false air of being written with some definite purpose; but, having finished it, we are entirely in the dark as to what that purpose may be. It would be hardly fair to say that the characters are as incoherent as the general drift of the book, for some of them are sketched in well enough. But as soon as the writer attempts to go beyond sketching, she completely loses herself, and presents, instead of human beings, bundles of ill-assorted virtues and vices awkwardly tied together and labelled with human names. A striking instance of this failure to draw a complete figure is found in the case of the hateful and gloomy monk Correntian. When he first appears upon the scene, his character is indicated with some success, although in a far from pleasant manner. The author, who throughout the book displays a curious bluntness in writing of things as to which one might expect a certain reserve, is careful to describe the effect produced on an ardent nature by an enforced asceticism; and it must be said that at first the description is not without force. Whether there was any possible reason for attempting such a description is of course an open question. But as the story goes on neither we nor, it would seem, the author can tell what to make of Correntian. First he is a kind of gloomy dog-in-the-manger, who would not have any one indulge in joys forbidden to him by his vows. Then he cherishes a hatred, which springs from envy, for the hero, who has been made a monk without having practically any voice in the matter, and who is much fitter to be anything else. Then he is the means of inflicting, with devilish ingenuity, the most horrible torments on the hero. Then he suddenly declares, and the author evidently means him to be speaking the truth, that all that he has done has been prompted by a deep love for his victim; and finally he dies, cursing the miserable hero in the most horrible way.

The writer of *The Hour Will Come* has chosen for her story a plot which in its beginning closely resembles that of Thackeray's burlesque story *A Legend of the Rhine*. The Lord of Reichenberg, who corresponds to Sir Ludwig of Hombourg in Thackeray's story, has been persuaded that his wife has been false to him, and turns her out of doors just before the birth of his son. She finds refuge in a monastery, and on her death-bed makes one of the monks promise to take her infant son to another monastery at Marienberg, and have him there brought up as a monk, by way of avoiding the curse which was pronounced upon the child by its father before its birth. However, mainly by the agency of Correntian, the curse is fulfilled amply enough. Correntian, at a meeting of the monks in council, urges his brethren strongly not to receive within their walls a thing accursed, and finally makes a proposition which is startlingly revolting. "We need strong arms," says one of the monks, "to protect our venerable house, for we have fallen on evil times, and the nobles covet our goods and our authority. It is time to protect them as best we may. Shut him in and keep him close; then he will be ours, and no one else's."

"I know of only one really sure way," said Correntian quietly, "and that is to blind the boy."

A cry of horror broke from every one.

* *The Hour Will Come: a Tale of an Alpine Cloister*. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern, Author of "The Vulture Maiden." From the German, by Clara Bell. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz.

"Shame on you, brother Correntian! are you a man?" cried Bero in wrath.

"You see how you start at an empty word! Ye feeble ones! Do you call the physician cruel who by one swift cut obviates future—nay eternal suffering? If any one had released me from the torment of sight and its myriad temptations while I was still slumbering in the cradle, I would have thanked him as my life-long benefactor. However, fear nothing; I know well that no shedding of blood becoms us, and it was only an idea, suggested by the truest pity."

"You are a great man, Correntian, but fearful in your strength," said the Abbot, and the brethren agreed with a shudder.

A wet-nurse—wife to one of the monks' serfs—is procured for the child, and we are treated to a singularly unpleasant description of the effect produced upon Correntian by her presence in the monastery. He discovers one night that her husband has made his way, unobserved by any one else, into the monastery, summons the brethren, and has the unhappy man turned out and banished from the precincts of the monastery, until his wife is released from her charge. The nurse's own child dies, and shortly afterwards her husband is drowned. After this the nurse is turned out for having kissed the child. Correntian exultingly says that "it is the child of a curse, and it will bring the curse under our roof."

Then Eusebius rose, his voice sounded sharp and stern as it never had before, and his eyes flashed round upon the assembly with an eagle-like glance.

"I will tell you," said he, "the cause of the curse that clings to the child. All the conditions of its life are unnatural. Its father's rage was unnatural that made the child an outcast before it was born; your demands on the nurse were unnatural, and the husband, wife, and child have come to ruin in consequence; and the child's life here in the convent is unnatural. That is the seed of hell of which you spoke, Correntian, which you have cherished, and which you will reap—the revenge of outraged nature."

The speech is sensible enough, but it appears not a little strange that it should have passed entirely unreprieved by the Abbot.

We do not propose to enter at length into the details of one of the most repulsive novels that it has ever been our misfortune to read, and we may briefly say that Count Reichenberg, coming on a visit to the monastery in the train of Duke Meinhard, recognizes Donatus, as the child, now grown to manhood, is called, from his likeness to his mother, but is unable either by threats or bribes to the monks to find out if his suspicion is just. Also in the train of the Duke and Duchess is a certain Hildegard, a maid of honour, who sets herself to work to make a conquest of the handsome young monk, who is on the eve of being ordained, and who confesses to the Abbot after she has gone away that his "eyes have drunk of the poison of woman's beauty, and it courses through my veins like a consuming fire." Hildegard manages to be present, disguised as a peasant girl, at the ceremony, and to say in a whisper as he passes her, "What a pity!" He sees her as he rises from praying at the altar, "half shy, half forward, her eye full of intoxicating invitation," and, exhausted by fasting and penance, he faints into her arms. After this he applies to Correntian for advice, fearing that the other monks, who love him, will not be severe enough with him. Correntian dwells upon the dangers of the eye. "Can I shut my eyes?" asks Donatus. "Yes," says Correntian, and points to the text, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." Again avoiding unpleasant details, we may relate that Donatus actually carries out Correntian's suggestion, which he made well-knowing what Donatus apparently did not know, that self-mutilation was, by the rules of the Order, punishable by the heaviest penance. Correntian could have saved Donatus from punishment by revealing that he had suggested the deed; but this he does not reveal, because he wishes Donatus to gain the martyr's crown of glory. The climax of a tissue of absurdities, which would be merely ridiculous if they had not an evil savour, is reached when the author describes Correntian, supporting the fainting Donatus while "the first ray of love sparkled in the stern master's eyes, and was merged in the martyr's crown that shone on the disciple's head." Count Reichenberg now appears, having got proof of Donatus being his son, and not unnaturally threatens to put the monastery to fire and sword within seven days unless by that time the monks persuade Donatus to go away with him, which he refuses to do. Donatus is sent out to implore the help of Duchess Meinhard, and on his way falls in love again in spite of this blindness, this time with a little girl who has been brought up by his old nurse, and who is the natural daughter of his father's second wife. At the end of the book they die together in a kind of nightmare of religion and love, which is perhaps a fit conclusion to a very foolish and repulsive work which we cannot recommend any living creature to read.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the many undertakings on a great scale in which the engineers of the United States have been engaged, one of the most considerable is the exploration of the fortieth parallel of longitude throughout the Central and Western territory. The magnitude of an enterprise, especially where any important public benefit may be expected from it, is rather attractive than alarming to the American mind; and the timidity, springing partly from parsimony and partly from habits of routine, which characterizes the official departments of this country, and probably of most or all old countries, has not yet seriously infected the Government at Washington. In the geographical expeditions which it has authorized and carried out, generally with substantial,

often with splendid, success, there is perhaps as much of real grandeur as of that national grandiosity whereat Americans themselves are wont to laugh, though it is perhaps an almost inevitable consequence of that physical bigness of their geography of which they are all more or less proud. A thorough exploration of the belt of country lying north and south of the fortieth parallel was undertaken in 1867, in connexion, we believe, with the scheme, since so brilliantly realized, for the construction of a railway to connect the Pacific with the Atlantic coast, San Francisco with New York. In magnitude the task assigned to the engineers detailed for this duty might rank with Mr. Stanley's transit from the Eastern to the Western coast of Africa, or with Mr. Eyre's expedition across the entire continent of Australia. In difficulty and danger it is not, of course, to be classed with either; but it involved an amount of toil and hardship to which very imperfect justice is done in most of the Reports that have from time to time rendered to the Government an account of this or that fraction of the undertaking. No desert is more hopelessly dreary, dry, and barren than the Alkali wastes; few mountain ranges penetrated by man are much more difficult than those Rocky Mountains across which American enterprise has already carried a practicable railway route, ascending above the limit of perpetual snow. If no direct peril was to be apprehended, little sympathy or support was to be hoped, from the only numerous body of white settlers upon the route, the Mormons of Utah; and no little danger might be expected at any moment from the roving tribes of Indians who regarded the surveyor as the worst of enemies, the precursor of the railway that would drive away the buffalo, and bring the white farmer to occupy year by year more and more of the scanty range of fertile hunting-grounds still left to the remnants of the native possessors of the continent. Of fame there was little or nothing to be gained. The country, for practical purposes, was indeed almost as unknown as the valley of the Congo or the deserts of Central Asia. But it had been sufficiently traversed to deprive the explorers of such credit and reputation as might be won by those who should open up a wholly unknown region to the scientific world in the first instance, and afterwards to the trader and the settler. There was in fact not much to interest the first, and still less to attract the two last. That some natural objects of signal beauty, some marvels of a very striking character, might reward the diligence and relieve the tedium of the explorers was reasonably anticipated; and the anticipation is justified by the remarkable and admirably executed illustrations of which the Report before us (1)—an immense quarto volume dealing with the systematic geography of the region investigated—contains many, whose colouring and general execution deserve the highest praise, and are, we believe, unprecedented in even American State documents. The natural pillar, in the Egyptian style, which forms the frontispiece of the work, is alone worth a long and laborious journey; and the geological formation to which it belongs, and of which it is only the most remarkable outpost, so to speak—the semblance of ruins produced by the hand of nature in what are called the "Bad Lands" of Washakie—is in its way as well worth the cost and trouble of a visit as Niagara or the Mammoth Cave. The natural ruins of which we have spoken, the remnants of some gigantic creation of physical forces ages before the appearance of the human race, resemble at first sight very closely those of an Egyptian city. Unless the likeness has been unconsciously exaggerated in the illustration before us, any inexperienced observer would at once fix upon the style and nation to which they appear to belong. In an utterly different style, the hills around Lake Marian in the Humboldt range of Nevada, the so-called cañon, and other monuments of the Glacial age in the same region are almost equally interesting, if not equally strange in character. The carving of the Yampa cañon in Utah is in its turn so suggestive of a human hand that only the gigantic scale of the workmanship would satisfy an observer unfamiliar with geology that it owes its strange carving and marking entirely to natural forces; and the same may be said still more emphatically of the rocks bordering the cañon of Lodore in the same quarter. At no very great distance the upper valley of the Bear river reminds the traveller, though on a very magnified scale, of the rounded hills and enclosed valleys of Maryland. The gigantic precipices of the Wahsatch cañon are scarcely surpassed by those of the Colorado; and the Shoshone falls of Idaho present a miniature likeness of the Horse-shoe Fall of Niagara. In a word, the illustrations, if bound by themselves with a short explanatory text, would be sure of an independent circulation, and would command no little attention and interest among the pictorial literature of the drawing-room table. In a public report of a highly technical and scientific character, instructive and useful as they are, they seem, at least to English readers, out of place. As is usually the case, a number of other reports afford much reading that is at least as interesting as the contents of ordinary publications.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs (2)—an authority which, as we are bound to say is the case with most American public departments, is courageously indifferent to popular prejudice—declares that Indian wars and Indian pauperism, both of which are serious troubles in their respective spheres, are due to the bad faith

(1) *Report of the Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel.* By Clarence King, U.S. Geologist. Vol. I. Systematic Geology. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(2) *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Year 1878.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

of the white man, to actual breach of covenant on the part of the Federal or State Governments, or to trickery and cheating of every kind practised, evidently with the tolerance of subordinate officials, upon those semi-civilized Indians who occupy reservations within the range of the settled country, and consequently coveted by its more lawless spirits. Nothing but a strictly enforced prohibition of sale or mortgage by Indians of their reserved lands, whether held in common or parcelled out to individuals, will, it appears, prevent their being swindled by every kind of fraud out of the maintenance provided for them by the justice or the charity of the State. American courts must be much more tolerant than English or even colonial judges and magistrates of agreements evidently one-sided and dishonest, when the transfer of land worth four thousand dollars, by a man who cannot read or write, for a sum of fifteen dollars can be ventured upon and held good. As regards the wilder tribes of the Far West the Commissioner makes a recommendation which must have occurred long ago to many of our readers, and which, if we mistake not, has been more than once suggested in our own columns—namely, that a force of mounted Indians should be employed in repressing the outbreaks, however provoked, of their kinsmen. The task is beyond the strength of the American army, and breaks it up into perilously small and distant detachments. A body of some three thousand Indians enlisted from among the younger members of the more warlike tribes would at once afford employment to the most restless spirits of the aboriginal race, and furnish the Government with the most efficient kind of military police. Nor does there seem to be any doubt that, under white officers understanding the Indian character, such a force would be loyal and trustworthy as well as courageous and effective.

Mr. Hough's *Report upon Forestry* (3) shows that the inhabitants of the Eastern States are becoming aware how much too recklessly the practice of wholesale clearing has been carried on; while, as was naturally to be expected, the people of the Western prairies are keenly alive to the value of trees, both to furnish fuel and to shelter the vast regions of fertile land to which nothing but such shelter is wanting. Abundant evidence is afforded that even in America, and especially in the Prairie States, planting, at least of valuable timber trees, may be made exceedingly remunerative, paying expenses within a very few years, and in the course of half a lifetime rewarding a very moderate outlay with a permanent competence.

The Massachusetts Board of State Charities, whose reports we have more than once referred to, lays in the last document it has remitted to the Local Government (4) especial emphasis on the mismanagement or imperfect regulation of the lunatic hospitals of the State. The Lunacy Law of America is in principle similar to our own, allowing so-called friends (often of course a man's worst and most interested enemies) to imprison any one whom a physician shall declare to be insane and a fit subject for confinement. Commonly the case is heard before a magistrate; but it is very seldom that the alleged lunatic has an opportunity of stating his case, or is informed of what is going on. The percentage of cures to admissions is not more than twenty-five; and the Board express a strong opinion that the association of curable patients with so large a number of incurables is in itself undesirable, at the same time that they remark that many persons are "sent to these institutions for inebriation, for abuse of narcotics, for epilepsy, for ungovernable temper, for dissipation, &c." Are similar things never done in England? Or is it that English authorities do not tell unpleasant truths so frankly and so publicly?

We may mention another document (5) in which the chief of the Department of Agriculture presents to the Senate through the President a considerable body of information collected by his department respecting a disease prevailing at present among the swine, and spreading from them to the other domestic animals of many, indeed of most, of the United States.

Professor Shields sets forth his *Final Philosophy* (6) in a volume whose size and closeness of printing are somewhat alarming; but certainly not in excess of the demands of a philosophical scheme which, though avowedly imperfect and elementary, professes to cover the whole ground of the controversies between divinity and physical science, entering minutely into the history as well as the principles of each debate between the defenders of revealed or natural religion and the teachers of what is called Materialism. The *philosophia ultima* of the author is to reconcile the accepted developments of science with the accepted, or hereafter to be accepted, interpretations of Scriptural theology and cosmogony—a task whose feasibility is rather assumed than proved in the last pages of the volume before us, and whose actual performance must be left to a future generation.

Annals of the War (7) is a title by no means accurately de-

scriptive of a work containing a large and valuable collection of very interesting papers on particular points of strategy or tactics, and on special features and individual incidents of the civil strife of 1861-5, contributed by several of the principal soldiers, Northern and Southern, who acted a leading part in the scenes they describe. The selection is made with remarkable impartiality and candour, and, on the whole, the authors write with military courtesy and frankness, the only exception consisting in a certain assumption of the justice of their cause on the part of some writers of the victorious party, and an occasional tone of censure or contempt adopted towards their political enemies rather than towards their antagonists in the field. The historical papers are perhaps the least interesting. They have lost the immediate attraction they might have possessed while the memories of the war were still fresh; and the military explanations they afford, the strategical or tactical lessons they may give, are useful chiefly to professional readers. Those—on the whole the larger portion—which deal with the character of individual chiefs and particular corps, and which directly or indirectly illustrate the temper and ideas of the contending sections, have a more permanent and general attraction.

Colonel Fry's little work on *Army Sacrifices* (8) is pervaded by a tone of somewhat ungenerous bitterness towards the enemy with whom the regular army has been chiefly engaged, the Indians of the South and West. A writer who lays down as the fundamental principle of Indian policy that these wild hunters and hereditary warriors should be compelled to adapt themselves to the regular life of an agricultural community, settled down in the midst of white farmers, and forced to adopt the industry, the laws, and the usages of civilized society, shows at the outset an utter incapacity to do justice to his subject; for such an assumption is incompatible with any appreciation of the better qualities of an enemy by whom his comrades have been so often worsted that for their own sakes it behoves them and the historian of their deeds to treat him with respect. Indian warfare certainly offers very few opportunities of glory, little or no reward, and calls for more desperate efforts and more incessant vigilance than conflicts waged between civilized nations. But it is foolish and unworthy to bring against the Indians sweeping accusations of exceptional treachery, or to treat their victories in the spirit in which some few English writers have lately treated those gained by the generalship of Cetewayo and his chiefs, and the bravery of their followers.

We find upon our list three interesting works upon the *Hymenoptera*. The first and most elaborate is an account of the habits of the so-called agricultural ant of Texas (9), by Mr. McCook, which treats in minute detail of all that is known, and much that has only been learnt by the author's own prolonged and careful observations, respecting one of the most peculiar of the many very distinct varieties of this most interesting insect. The Texan ant is really what many European ants are falsely supposed to be, a diligent storer of food for winter use. It is also a warlike, though apparently not a slave-making, species; and Mr. McCook gives some curious accounts of desperate battles witnessed by himself between whole tribes; the spoil, consisting chiefly of the bodies of the slain, being sometimes carried off by neutrals, and sometimes becoming the object of a new war quite as desperate as the first. Professor Cook's *Manual of the Apiary* (10), and Mr. Allen's *Blessed Bees* (11), are practical rather than scientific treatises on apiculture, practised on no inconsiderable scale in the agricultural portions of the Union.

Mr. Thwing's little work on American colleges (12) affords a very considerable amount of interesting information respecting the general and individual character of these institutions, their several peculiarities, advantages, perils, and costs, alike valuable to the American parent about to select the place at which his son's education is to be completed, and interesting to the European who wishes to compare the character of Transatlantic college life with that of University life in Germany and the more familiar habits and tone of Oxford and Cambridge.

The title-page of Miss Corson's *Cooking School Text-Book* (13) sufficiently explains the nature of its contents. The editor of *Home Comforts* (14) extends his purview over a somewhat wider sphere, dealing with all kinds of domestic arrangements and contingencies, from the details of furnishing to the extinction of a candle or a conflagration, and from the details of cookery to the extirpation of vermin.

(8) *Army Sacrifices; or, Briefs from Official Pigpen-holes*. By James B. Fry, Colonel U. S. Army. New York: Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *The Natural History of the Agricultural Ant of Texas*. By Henry C. McCook. Author's Edition. Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(10) *Manual of the Apiary*. By A. J. Cook, Professor of Entomology in the Michigan State Agricultural College. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Chicago: Newman & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(11) *The Blessed Bees*. By John Allen. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(12) *American Colleges; their Students and Work*. By Charles T. Thwing. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(13) *Cooking School Text-Book, and Housekeeper's Guide to Cookery and Kitchen Management*. By Juliet Corson, Superintendent of the New York Cooking School; Author of the "Cooking Manual," &c. New York: Orange, Judd, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Home Comforts; or, Things worth Knowing in every Household*. Edited by Edwin T. Freedley. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(3) *Report upon Forestry*. By Franklin B. Hough. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(4) *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts*. With an Appendix. January 1879. Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *Information in Relation to Disease prevailing among Swine and other Domestic Animals*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(6) *The Final Philosophy, as issuing from the Harmony of Science and Religion*. By Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., LL.D. Second Edition, revised. New York: Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(7) *The Annals of the War*. Written by Leading Participants, North and South. Originally published in "Philadelphia Weekly Times." Philadelphia: "Times" Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

Such works as Wood's *Elements of Coördinate Geometry* (15), Davis's *Formule for Railroad Earthwork* (16), and Cain's *Voussoir Arches* (17) have a purely technical or professional interest; and such is, to some extent, the character of Bell's *Principles of Elocution* (18), though the art, as distinct from the principles, of oratory is much more generally regarded in the United States than in other countries, where indeed its study scarcely extends beyond the stage and the pulpit.

In the series of *Economic Monographs*, published by Messrs. Putnam, a member of that firm, Mr. G. H. Putnam, gives us a very interesting address on International Copyright (19), delivered in January last before the Free-trade Club of New York. The whole question lies in a nutshell, in the simple fact that stolen goods are cheap. And though the American publishers are gradually coming round to the natural opinion of American authors, the vast majority of their countrymen are still unprepared to part with the advantage which such cheapness affords them. In the series of *American Authors* we find a readable biography of Washington Irving (20), by Professor David Hill. In that of *Poems of Places*, we have a volume devoted to the Middle States of the Union (21); and among other serials the number of the *American Almanac for 1879* (22)—a work which does for the United States most of what *Whittaker's* and part of what the *British Companion* do for this country, deserves a word of recommendation.

(15) *The Elements of Coördinate Geometry*. By De Volson Wood, Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(16) *Formule for the Calculation of Railroad Excavation and Embankment, &c.* By John W. Davis, Civil Engineer. New York: Gilliss Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

(17) *Voussoir Arches applied to Stone Bridges, Tunnels, Domes, and Groined Arches*. By Wm. Cain, C.E. New York: Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(18) *The Principles of Elocution*. By Alexander M. Bell, F.E.I.S., &c. Salem, Mass.: J. P. Burbank. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(19) *Economic Monographs*, No. 15. *International Copyright considered in some of its Relations to Ethics and Political Economy*. By George H. Putnam. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(20) *American Authors—Washington Irving*. By David J. Hill, Author of "Science of Rhetoric," &c. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(21) *Poems of Places*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow, *America, Middle States*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(22) *American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the Year 1879*. Edited by Amosworth K. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. New York and Washington: American News Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, April 29, Quarter-past Three, St. James's Hall.—SCHARWENKA, Pianist from Berlin, with Papini, Wiener, Hollander, Hann, and Lasserre. Quartet, D minor, Haydn; Sonata (Appassionata), Op. 57, Beethoven; Quintet, B flat, Op. 87, Mendelssohn. Solos—"Polonaise," "Lupromtin," and "Etude"—by SCHARWENKA. Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, of Lucas & Co., Olivier, and Austin. Visitors can pay at the Hall.—Any omission of Tickets to Members, apply to the Director, Professor ELLA, Victoria Square.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "The BRAZEN SERPENT," each 33 by 22 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 39 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The ANNUAL EXHIBITION of MODERN PAINTINGS will OPEN on May 1. Admission, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of May. Visitors cannot be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of May, inclusive.

April 24, 1879. EDWARD A. BOND, Principal Librarian.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the Amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art, will be held in the Royal Lyceum Theatre (by the kind permission of Henry Irving, Esq.), on Tuesday next, the 29th instant, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock, the Right Hon. Lord ROUGHTON, D.C.L., President, in the Chair. The Receipts for the current year will procure admission for Members and Friends.

LEWIS POCOCK, EDMUND E. ANTROBUS, } Hon. Secs.

444 West Strand, April 22, 1879.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 17, at Six o'clock. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of PETERBOROUGH in the Chair. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by:

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Honorary Secretary.

PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, Treasurer.

F. LAMBE PRICE, Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W.

Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, May 7, the Right Hon. Earl CAIRNS, Lord High Chancellor, in the Chair. 7 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

GOETHE'S FAUST.—W. C. COUPLAND, M.A., B.Sc., will deliver a Course of FIVE LECTURES, on the Second Part of FAUST, at South Place Institute, Finsbury, on Tuesday Evenings, April 29, May 6, 13, 20, and 27, at Eight o'clock. Subject, April 29: Lethe—Faust enters the Great World—The Masque of Government—The New Ideal. Tickets for the Course, 3s. 6d.; for a Single Lecture, 1s. Tickets and Syllabuses may be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. COXRAD THIES, at the Meetings; or through the post, to 43 Richmond Road, Hackney, E.

MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN on Wednesday, April 30, at 14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

THE Misses A. & R. LEECH'S SCHOOL (late Belgrave Cottage) for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN on Wednesday, April 30, at 65 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

THE DOREEK LADIES' COLLEGE, 63 Kensington Gardens Square.—The EASTER TERM begins April 29, 1879.

THE DOREEK PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN, 61 Kensington Gardens Square.—The EASTER TERM begins April 29, 1879. Principals—Miss M. E. BAILEY and Fraulein NEUHOFFER.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight £10; Four £20. Election, third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. TEN at least, value £40 and £20, will be Competed for July 1. Candidates Examined at Rossall or Oxford, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics. Ages 14 and 15½.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.—Head-Master—T. M. BROMLEY, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. Since October 1861, Four Fellowships, Twenty-two Open Scholarships, Three University Prizes, Twelve First Classes have been obtained at OXFORD, and numerous other honours elsewhere.—Prospectuses and other information may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, May 5.

DOVER COLLEGE. President—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G. Tuition from 10 to 15 Guineas. Board, £45 a year. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or the HON. SECRETARY. The NEXT TERM begins on May 7.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, CHARDSTOCK, DORSET. SUMMER TERM begins Friday, May 9. H. M. ROBINSON, D.D., Head-Master.

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Founded by the late Rev. J. D. COLLIS, D.D. Head-Master—E. FYNES CLINTON, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. The NEXT TERM begins April 29. Boarders received in the College and the Head-Master's house.—Apply as above, or to the Bursar, RICHARD F. CURRY, M.A.

TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on May 2, when Two or more Scholarships will be open to competition. Terms £50 to £70. The usual advantages of a Public School offered. Swimming Bath, Library, Playing Fields, &c.; and preparation for Examinations in which many Pupils have distinguished themselves.

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BLACKHEATH PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.—Head-Master, the Rev. E. WILTON SOUTH, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Chancellor's Medalist and First Senior Optime. The NEXT TERM begins on Monday, April 29. All particulars may be obtained from the SECRETARY.

FOLKESTONE.—MR. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon, assisted by a Cambridge M.A. and competent Teachers, prepares PUPILS for the Universities, Sandhurst, Woolwich, the Civil Service, and all Competitive Examinations. A few Militia Subalterns can be received after Christmas, who will be prepared for the Qualifying Examination and the Competition in Military Subjects.

SCARBOROUGH.—S. MARTIN'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Governors, the Rev. R. H. PARR, M.A. and others. Head-Master, the Rev. J. WILKINS, B.A., London. Second Master, the Rev. A. C. WHITLEY, M.A., late Schol. of Corp. Coll. Cambridge. A thorough Preparation for the Universities, the Public Schools, the Army, the Navy, or Business. There are Choral and other Scholarships vacant, which reduce the fees to Forty guineas per annum, inclusive.

LANCASTER SCHOOL.—The SECOND TERM begins on Friday, May 3. Five Open Scholarships have been gained at Cambridge during the past year.—For information apply to Rev. W. E. FRYKE, M.A., Head-Master.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square. The SUMMER TERM commences Monday, April 29. There are Vacancies.

HEATHFIELD, EARLEY (near READING).—

Mr. F. FABIAN BRACKENBURY, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge, and lately Assistant-Master to the Rev. J. W. Hawtreys, at Aldin House, Slough, EDUCATES BOYS, from the age of Seven to Eleven (inclusive).

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Heathfield stands high, in six acres of land, on gravelly soil, in a very healthy locality, and is easily accessible from Reading and Earley Stations.

The Parish Church is within a few minutes' walk of the School.

Special attention is given to Elementary Education.

The TERM begins on Tuesday, May 6. Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the above address.

MORGAN JENKINS, M.A. (Wrangler), prepares PUPILS

for Woolwich Academy and for Sandhurst College. In the Woolwich Examination held last month the only Pupil sent up passed 2nd, being the Eighth who has passed out of Ten sent up for the Academy. In July 1877 a Pupil passed 2nd for the Academy. Address, 50 Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, W.

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Mr. ARTHUR A. CARRÉ, B.A. Oxford, receives TEN PRIVATE PUPILS in Public School work. Highest references.—For particulars, address, 21 Eaton Place, Brighton.

EDUCATION.—Rev. W. TUCKWELL, late Head-Master of

Taunton College School, and Fellow of New College, Oxford, takes a few young BOYS, as PUPILS.—Address, Stockton Rectory, near Rugby.

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BACKWARD or DELICATE BOYS, from Fourteen to

Seventeen.—An OXFORD GRADUATE (Married, Experienced, and Highly Recommended) has taken a house on Malvern Hills to receive FOUR PUPILS who need special care.—Address, M.A., Rosebank, West Malvern.

COVENTRY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—A HEAD-MASTER

is WANTED after Midsummer. He must be a Graduate of some University in the United Kingdom, and may not hold any other office or appointment.

The Salary is £250 per annum, with a Capitation Fee, at present fixed at £2 for each Boy; and £25 in lieu of residence, until one is provided by the Governors. The average number in the School for the past four years has been about eighty.

A New Scheme for the Government of the School has recently been approved by which the Governors are to erect a Master's House and School Buildings to accommodate not less than one hundred and fifty Day Scholars and thirty Boarders.

The subjects of instruction include English, Mathematics, Latin, Natural Science; and Greek as an extra.

Four Exhibitions of £55 a year, tenable for three years, by Boys intended for the Ministry of the Church, and two appropriated Scholarships at St. John's College, Oxford, tenable for five years, are attached to the School.

The holders of the Scholarships are eligible for election to certain Fellowships at St. John's College. Other Exhibitions are, when practicable, to be established by the Governors.

A copy of the New Scheme and other particulars may be obtained of Mr. T. H. KIRBY, Clerk to the Governors, to whom applications and testimonials must be sent under cover, sealed up and marked "Governors of Grammar School—Head-Master," on or before May 10, 1879.

SALARY £400 PER ANNUM.

WANTED, for the GREY INSTITUTE COLLEGIATE

SCHOOL, Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, a CLASSICAL PROFESSOR. He must be a Graduate of a British University, and a preference will be given to one who would be able, if hereafter required, to give instruction in the High Mathematics.

£50 will be allowed for passage and other expenses incurred in proceeding to Port Elizabeth, where the successful Applicant will be required to assume office on August 1 next.

Applications, with copies of Testimonials, to be sent in, on or before May 15 next, to each of the following References:—

Rev. H. J. JOHNSON, Penryn House, Ullet Road, Liverpool.

Rev. J. HARSANT, New Road, Rochester.

JOHN PATTERSON, Esq., 55 Earl's Court Square, London, S.W.

From either of whom any further particulars may be obtained.

London, April 17.

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